The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 199. Vol. XXXIV. APRIL, 1908. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 8s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY—
Mr. Alphonse Courlander. By A. St. John Adcock 6

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY ... 8

THE READER—
Some Cambridge Poets and Poetry. By "Oxonian" 9
Flaubert on Writing. By Arthur Ransome... 16
Notes of a Bookbuyer. By Claudius Clear 18
Henley, Poet and Moralist. By Francis Bickley 20
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 22

NEW BOOKS—
Mr. Chesterton's Allegory of Anarchism. By Canon Barry 23
Mr. Lucy's Reminiscences. By Thomas Lloyd 23
"Come and Find Me." By Dr. James Moffatt 24
Good Small Beer. By Lewis Melville 25
Two Disillusionments. By William E. A. Axon 26
Apocryphal Apocalypses. By Y. Y. 27
Confessio Medici. By Annie Matheson 29
Mr. Belloc's Essays. By Walter de la Mare 29
A Modern Euphuist. By George Sampson 30

NOVEL NOTES—
Many Junes—The Wolf—White Rose of Weary Leaf—Neither Storehouse nor Barn—The House of the Lost Court—Her Besetting Virtue—The Heart of a Child—Eve's Apple—Clanbrae 31-4

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Leland's Itinerary in England—Human Justice for those at the Bottom—Famous French Salons—Studies in Poetry 34-5

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS ... 35

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 36

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Bookman for May will contain a specially illustrated article on Herrick.

It is said that the name of Her Majesty the Queen is to appear on the title-page of a book which will be published in the near future in the cause of charity.

We hear that the Grand Duke Michael has written a novel which is likely to create considerable sensation. The title chosen is "Never Say Die."

The Joint Account of Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton will publish in the near future the collected works of Lord Lister.

It is stated officially that Mr. Charles Whibley has been entrusted with the interesting task of writing a Life of the late Duke of Rutland, who is best remembered in political circles as Lord John Manners.

It is hoped that Mr. A. E. W. Mason will have a new novel ready for this autumn.

Mr. Charles H. Caffin, the author of "How to Study Pictures," has written an important work on "The Story of American Painting," in which he describes the evolution of painting in America from Colonial times up to the present. The book, which will be fully illustrated, will be issued this autumn.

Mr. Jacques Futrelle, whose exciting serial, "The Chase of the Golden Plate," is appearing in the *Strand Magazine*, has been paying a visit to this country. "The Chase of the Golden Plate" will be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Collier & Co.

Another American author who is now in this country is Mr. Sam Adams, who collaborated with Stewart Edward White in "The Mystery," and has himself just published a new book with Messrs. McClure under the title "The Flying Death."

The second volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature," which treats of the literature of "The End of the Middle Ages," is shortly to be published.

Bookmen all the world over will hail with gratitude the reissue of the "Dictionary of National Biography" at something like a third of its original size and price. Hitherto many literary men, by reason both of slender purses and limited shelf-space, have had to be content with the excellent Index-and-Epitome volume. Now that it may be obtained in twenty-two monthly volumes costing

Photo by Bassano. **"Allen Raine."**
Author of "Neither Storehouse nor Barn."

fifteen shillings each, its acquisition should be the first end of every book-lover's desire. The work is one of the greatest literary monuments of our time, and its issue in this form is not only a great publishing enterprise but a national service which is bound to meet with cordial welcome and well-merited reward.

The work of that distinguished novelist Allen Raine (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe) has, we are sorry to learn, been greatly hindered by serious illness. For this reason the story upon which she has for some time been engaged, "Under the Thatch," will not be ready for publication by Messrs. Hutchinson till the autumn. Another novel, however, written at an earlier date, "Neither Storehouse nor Barn," has just been published, and is reviewed in our present issue.

The great popularity of Allen Raine's stories has surprised no one more than their author. She lives a quiet and retired life on the Cardiganshire coast, knowing and hearing nothing of the news of the literary world save through books and newspapers. But tributes to her work flow in from all quarters of the world—from the Yukon territory to Jamaica—and from readers of every class and profession. But what, we understand, has gratified Allen Raine most is the praise given to her simple stories by the Welsh peasants themselves.

The portrait of Mrs. Stuart Boyd, whose new novel, "Her Besetting Virtue," we notice on a later page, is from an oil-painting by her clever artist-son, whose work is familiar to readers of "The Bookman Gallery." Mrs. Boyd is the wife of the well-known artist, Mr. A. S. Boyd, and has already given many proofs of her literary skill. She has written critical and general articles for most of the London daily and weekly papers, and her name is familiar to readers of *Blackwood*, *Harper*, the *Strand*, the *Pall Mall*, *Chambers'* and other magazines. She wrote also that delightful travel-book, "A Stolen Summer." Mrs. Boyd's work is intensive rather than prolific, and she essays to paint no character to which she has not devoted the most ardent and careful study.

In a recent issue we noticed a small volume of stories by the clever author of "Miss Molly," a charming tale that has outlived many more pretentious essays in fiction. We understand that its author, Mrs. Beatrice Allhusen, has a new novel in the press which Messrs. Smith, Elder will issue immediately. It is entitled "Dan Riach: So-

From a painting by Stuart Boyd. **Mrs. Boyd.**
Author of "Her Besetting Virtue.

cialist," and is a story of life in an English manufacturing town.

Mr. John Murray is to issue immediately a work that should prove of exceptional interest. This is a life of Letice Morrison, the wife of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, one of the most interesting and romantic personalities in our history. His house at Tew, in Oxfordshire, was the meeting-place of the finest spirits of his time, the "university in a purer air" celebrated by his friend Clarendon. The most famous page of Clarendon's history describes the death of Falkland while charging at the head of Sir John Byron's regiment at the battle of Newbury. "Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the business of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into with more innocence: and whosoever leads such a life need not care upon how short warning is to be taken from him." The work about to be issued was written in 1647 by Lady Falkland's chaplain, the Rev. John Duncan. Clarendon's eulogy of that lady is not less strong than that upon her brilliant and ill-fated husband: "a lady of the most entertaining wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced."

Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

Mr. Arthur E. Copping.

Photo by Langfier.

The Marchioness d'Alpens.
Author of "The House of the Lost Court."

Dona Teresa de Savallo, Marchioness d'Alpens, whose first novel is reviewed on a later page, is a young Spanish lady who counts among her ancestors a member of the Rivers family who fought with the Black Prince. The Marchioness lived for five years in New York and Philadelphia, and has a deep admiration for the American character. Later she spent several years in England, where she has many relatives and was much admired on her presentation at Court.

The Marchioness, who has a perfect knowledge of English, had stories accepted by the magazines while she was still in her 'teens. Her first attempt at full-blown fiction came to an untimely end, being consigned to the fire by an indignant relative who considered that the writing of books was unworthy of Spanish gentility. Thus checked, the Marchioness did not try again until last summer, when she wrote "The House of the Lost Court" during a holiday in this country.

Humorous fiction last year found a brilliant recruit in Mr. Arthur E. Copping, the author of "Gotty and the Guv'nor." While the similarity of their subjects naturally invited comparison between him and Mr. Jacobs, discerning readers could not fail to detect many individual characteristics in Mr. Copping's pretty wit. "Gotty and the Guv'nor," excellent performance as it was, was even more interesting by reason of the promise it displayed. His next volume will be awaited with eagerness. We understand that it will be published in June by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. "Gotty and the Guv'nor" was based on the author's voyage in a fishing smack in the English Channel. The forthcoming volume will describe his adventures,

with an amateur mate, on a voyage to Calais. They visited Ostend, pushed on to Holland, and after many narrow escapes of shipwreck made their way to the Zuider Zee and down the canals, visiting Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Dordrecht, Utrecht, and many other places.

"From their Point of View" is the suggestive and inspiring title of a volume of essays by Miss M. Loane dealing with various aspects of the work of helping and ameliorating the lives of the poor. The writer, well known in the medical world as formerly "Sister Agnes" of Charing Cross Hospital, has already several admirable books to her credit. Her "Outlines of Routine in District Nursing" is a veritable *multum in parvo*, well described by an expert as "an invaluable guide . . . every nurse ought to have a copy whether engaged in 'district' or 'ordinary' nursing." Miss Loane's new volume is marked by a refreshingly broad and catholic standpoint, and is a book to be marked and digested by all who are interested in social problems. It throws the light of professional knowledge and of insight and sympathy on such questions as "The Manufacture of the Tramp," "What is Charity?" "Family Life among the Poor." The great merit and distinction of the work is its sterling common sense. The writer's main object—and it is not unfortunately a common one with the professional friends of the poor—is to deprecate excessive State interference and to assert the importance of respecting the privacy of the homes of the poor.

Photo by Army and Navy Auxiliary.

Miss M. Loane.
Author of "From their Point of View."

The Clarendon Press will shortly issue a work of great interest to students and teachers of English literature. This is "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" by the distinguished American scholar, Professor Springarn. The work will make a useful continuation of Professor Gregory Smith's invaluable collection of "Elizabethan Critical Essays." Professor Springarn's three volumes will not include Dryden's critical work—a notable and well-merited compliment to the thoroughness of Professor Ker's edition of Dryden's Essays as well as an indication of Professor Springarn's theory that the "prefaces of Dryden" have been "too much relied on" to the neglect of contemporary criticism.

During April may be expected the first two volumes of the uniform edition of W. E. Henley's collected works. These will be the poems, and they will be followed by two volumes of hitherto uncollected essays, two volumes of the famous "Views and Reviews," and a final volume including the plays Henley wrote in collaboration with Stevenson.

In the July number of THE BOOKMAN it was stated that Mr. James Westell, the well-known second-hand bookseller, was engaged upon an autobiography. We understand that at his death, which occurred in February, he had gathered together his material, though he had not yet arranged it for publication. The executors intend to entrust this task to some competent hand, and the book will shortly appear under the title of "Sixty Years a Bookseller."

The Titmarsh Club, founded two years ago in honour of Thackeray, is beginning to have literary associations. In a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Walter Jerrold, one of the Club's fifty-two members, printed a paper read at the October dinner on "Titmarsh and the 'Dixonary,'" an essay on unfamiliar words used or invented by Thackeray; and now the American Ambassador (the Hon. Whitelaw Reid), another member, publishes the speech he made from the chair on the same occasion to "a group of British wits and authors, [assembled] under the name of the Titmarsh Club," as an introduction to "Vanity Fair" in "Everyman's Library."

Apropos of Thackeray, at a sale of autograph letters on the 11th ult. at Sotheby's there were

offered nine interesting letters written by the novelist to Mrs. W. M. James. Amongst them is an excellent specimen of Titmarshian fooling *à la* Yellowplush: "Aving promiged to dine hout on Sattidy the 28th. with Sir Robert Arry Hinglish Bart M.P. I must with regret refuge your polite faviour for tomorrow and dine with Mr. Punch on that day. But has hour dinner is herly, I will with Kind permishn look in in the hevening and request the refreshment of a *cuppatee*." There is also another unprinted letter, in which reference in a very Thackerayan vein is made to the untimely death of Arthur Hallam: "As I was talking with Brookfield last night about our dear kind gentle boy Harry Hallam, who had the sweetest qualities and the most loving heart, and who when I was ill last year showed me the most kind and delicate proofs of affection and sympathy. . . . He came a hundred miles last year to offer me money in case I should be in want; he came down to see me at Brighton and gave me his arm for my first walk—and lo—he's gone. This seems very incoherent—I don't know why the words came to me, and seem like an insult on poor Harry's grave—and I don't know why I should begin talking to you in this way answering a note to dinner, but we dine and we die, don't we? and we get suddenly stopped on the highroad by a funeral crossing it."

In the same sale was the letter from Disraeli to his father, written on January 29, 1836, in which he says: "The Letters of Runnymede are the only things talked of in London, especially the latter ones. The author is unknown and will probably remain so. One or two papers have foolishly attributed them to me. There is certainly some imitation of my style, and the writer is familiar with my works." Disraeli never acknowledged the authorship of these famous attacks on the Whigs which appeared in the *Times*; but every one takes it for granted that he wrote them. Froude and Mr. Keppel assume it as a matter of common knowledge, and Mr. Hitchman, a great authority on the political life of Disraeli, published them in 1885 as the work of the young politician.

It is said that the three remaining volumes of "The Political History of England," which are in active preparation, will soon appear. These are Vol. VI., 1547 to 1603, by Professor A. F. Pollard; Vol. VIII., 1660 to 1702, by Professor Lodge; and Vol. IX., 1702 to 1760, by Mr. I. S. Leadam.

An interesting announcement in Mr. John Lane's list is that of the republication of the "Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with Original Letters from the Late Queen Caroline, and from Various Other Distinguished Persons," issued anonymously in 1838. That Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, was the author, was soon an open secret, though every effort was made to hide the fact, and with this object her name was introduced into the narrative, where she was spoken of as "the beauty of the Argyll family." Never, perhaps has even a *chronique scandaleuse* been received with so much disgust. The *Quarterly* attacked it as bitterly as the *Edinburgh*, wherein Brougham stigmatised it as "this silly, dull, disgraceful publication," and lashed the author with all the power of his satire. Greville dismissed it as "wretched catch-penny brawl," and Thackeray's indignation rose to fever heat. He took it as his subject in the well-known "Skimmings from 'The Dairy of George IV.'" in the "Yellowplush Correspondence" and in a lesser-known review in the *Times*. "What matters it if you can read in your family record the history of a thousand years of loyalty and courage, of all that is noble in sentiment, brave and honest in action?—the pride of ancestors is a faded superstition—the emulation of them is a needless folly. There is no need now to be loyal to your prince, or tender to his memory," wrote the great satirist. "Take his bounty while living, share his purse and his table, gain his confidence, and learn his secrets, flatter him, cringe to him, vow to him an unbounded fidelity—and when he is dead, *write a diary and betray him!*"

America frequently sneers at the Englishman as one who does not make the best of his gifts, so far as his worldly prospects are in question. We hope, however, the day is far distant when even the humblest man of letters will announce his desire for work in the terms employed by a gentleman in the advertisement columns of a recent issue of the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books*: "An editor of one of the leading magazines seeks a new berth where experience, sound judgment, and economical management, coupled with industry and an agreeable personality, count for something. Editing for circulation, and making something out of nothing, part of my 'know how.' Apply, etc."

One of the most interesting biographies of the coming season will be that of John Thadeus Delane, the editor of the *Times* for nearly two-score years, from 1841 to 1877, when he retired at the age of sixty. He, of course, was acquainted with most

of the leading men of the day, and the forthcoming memoir, which is by his nephew, Mr. A. I. Dasent, will include much valuable correspondence.

Among foreign contributors to English fiction, of whom Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Maarten Maartens are distinguished examples, has to be included Signor Riccardo Nobili, whose novel, "A Modern Antique," Messrs. Blackwood published last month. Signor Nobili belongs to one of the old Florentine families, and his brother, Vac. Aldo Nobili, is Minister of Italy to Mexico. "A Modern Antique" shows its author to have a wide acquaintance with art, and a knowledge of connoisseurship in many countries. He studied painting for a time in Paris, under Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens, and he wrote an admirable account in one of the American magazines of the Paris schools of art. Since then he has led a roving life, making his home chiefly in London and America.

For the matter of his new tragedy, Mr. Swinburne has gone to the lurid annals of the house of Borgia. The Duke of Gandia was the eldest son of Alexander VI. and Vannozza Catanei. One night he disappeared. His father had the Tiber dragged, proving himself, said the wits of Rome, a true successor of St. Peter, the fisher of men. At last the duke's body was found full of wounds. Who the murderer was is not known, but suspicion rested on the victim's younger brother, Cesare Borgia of terrible memory. Here is a fine theme for Mr. Swinburne's turbulent verse.

By the death of Edmondo de Amicis, Italy has lost her most popular if not her most distinguished novelist. De Amicis, whose literary career lasted for nearly forty years, was far more widely read than Annunzio or Fogazzaro. Some of his books were for children, and "Cuore," his masterpiece, has seen more than four hundred editions, and is used as a manual in the government schools of China and Japan. His days were shortened by the suicide of his young son, since when he had lived in the mountain solitudes over the French border.

For the use of various illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Messrs. Bowes & Bowes, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Mr. Wm. Heinemann, and Messrs. Crowther & Goodman.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

THERE is a sense in which Journalism is the poor relation of Literature; there is a sense in which it is the rich, plebeian uncle that Literature is rather snobbishly ashamed of, but entertains and tolerates because of the money that may be got out of it; and there is a sense in which it is a younger brother of Literature and so like it that you can't always tell the one from the other. We have dropped into an easy habit of looking down upon journalism as necessarily the inferior of the two; yet we all know perfectly well that some of the greatest literature was written as journalism, and a good deal of what passes for literature, because it is respectably born in covers, would be considered contemptibly below the newspaper standard by any average descriptive reporter.

To say no more of literature in general, one certainty is that the best novelists of to-day and yesterday and the day before have served an apprenticeship to journalism, and have been the wiser and the better for it; the necessities of that arduous profession have taken them about the world and given them experience of motley life and character, of places, people, and things of which, for the most part, they would else have gone to their graves in ignorance. The novelist who is or has been a journalist is almost invariably richer in ideas, broader in his outlook and sympathies than is the writing man who has never walked through life and rubbed shoulders with it intimately, but has been nicely cradled in mere literature and has grown up seeing mankind only from his study windows and at afternoon tea-parties.

Of course, there comes a time when the novelist can with every advantage turn his back upon journalism, and meanwhile you may sometimes hear him complain that he is giving up to journalism what was meant for literature, but, even if he is, he is not really losing by it, since it should enable him by-and-by to give up to literature much that otherwise would never have been his to give. But the fact that this time cannot come unless his books sell adequately puts a certain responsibility upon the critics and the public, and I suppose (leaving the public to take care of themselves) if a critic neglects the duty of keeping his eyes open and saying the right words about the right authors at the right times, he will have to answer for it among his other deadly sins in due season. To my thinking, Mr. Alphonse Courlander is one of the right men, and now is the right time to say right words about him, and I am grateful for this opportunity of saying a few: I have more than enough sins on my list already, without adding to them that of failing to recognise and blow a timely trumpet for a young novelist of high achievement and of even higher promise.

Mr. Courlander was born at Hampton Wick in 1881, and when he was fourteen went to live for two years in Russia; he comes of a sound commercial stock, and his people had hoped to see him develop into a prosperous engineer, but he broke away from all the family traditions and in a wholly unbusinesslike manner turned author, wrote poetry, and published a slim little volume called "Perseus and Andromeda," which I dimly remember reviewing when it came out some five or six years ago. As a first practical step in the way he was bent upon going, Mr. Courlander secured a small appointment on the staff of the *Daily Mail* when he was twenty-one; thence he passed into the office of the *Daily Express*; from which he presently went to accept an appointment as advertising manager in the publishing house of Messrs. Isbister. He took this post as a means of escape from the day-and-night slavery of newspaper reporting, and to give himself leisure for writing fiction of a different kind; and he turned the comparative leisure thus acquired to good account, for in the next few months he wrote "The Sentimental Lodger," which ran serially in *To-Day*, and a brilliant and impressively realistic first novel, "The Taskmaster," which was published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Photo by Picture Press Agency.
Mr. Alphonse Courlander.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

When the Isbister firm withdrew from existence, Mr. Courlander returned into the world of journalism and, in 1904, became a reporter on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*; before the end of the same year, he was made assistant Paris Correspondent of that paper, and went from Paris to St. Petersburg as its Special Correspondent during the terrible "Bloody Sunday" riots; later, going as "special" to St. Malo, he was responsible for the *Chronicle* accounts of the wreck of the *Hilda*. Out in Paris, in the intervals of visiting such scenes as these and sending over some of the most vivid and memorable reports that the newspapers gave us of them, Mr. Courlander wrote his second novel, "Seth of the Cross," and made a beginning with his third, "The Sacrifice."

Then he was transferred to the London staff of the *Daily Chronicle*, and, to say nothing of the innumerable everyday doings of the descriptive reporter, went out to the Hook of Holland to write a newspaper story of the wreck of the *Berlin*. Shortly after the publication of "The Sacrifice," Mr. Courlander left the *Chronicle*, and rejoined the *Daily Express*, and for them went last year to Narbonne as Special Correspondent during the amazing Wine Riots; but he has somehow found time amidst the hurry and worry and constant distractions of his journalistic work for the writing of the fourth, and, in many ways, the most matured and ablest of his novels, "Eve's Apple," which was issued in February last.

In his first three books Mr. Courlander has chosen to work largely in sombre tones and colourings; he has handled certain strong, elemental human characters in the grip of circumstance and of those ungoverned elemental passions that fashion the lives of men and women to rugged and lawless or grimly tragic endings, and he has handled them with a vigour and imaginative insight and a feeling for the pathos and the native rough magnificence of his themes that won nothing but praise from the critics, and has given him a sure place in the regard of that growing circle of intelligent readers who can admire what is admirable in contemporary literature and are capable of enjoying it. In "Eve's Apple" he makes excellent use of his Paris experiences, but turns more to the happier side of things and to the portrayal of characters who have been somewhat more susceptible to the rules and restraining influences of civilisation; the story is vibrant with human passion, and the pathos of disillusion, but it wins through to hope and the best of things at last; it moves, in the main, among normal, present-day humanity, under a clearer heaven, through a less stormy atmosphere than the three earlier novels were dark with; it has the same forcefulness, the same power of creative imagination, the same sincerity and charm of style, but it has a fulness of knowledge, an artistic reticence, a breadth of idea and treatment that carry it to a higher level than was reached by either of its predecessors, and should carry its author easily into popularity.

A. St. John Adcock.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1 to May 1, 1908.

Mr. George Allen.

BULLEY, MARGARET H.—St. George for Merrie England. 5s. net.
ELGEE, P. C., and G. E. RAINE.—The Case against Socialism. 5s. net.
SPIELMANN, MRS. M. H.—My Son and I. 6s.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ASKWITH, REV. E. H., D.D.—Analytical Geometry of the Conic Sections. 7s. 6d. net.
BAILLIE-GROHMAN, W. A.—Tyrol. Painted by E. H. Compton. 7s. 6d. net.
BURNET, PROF. JOHN.—Early Greek Philosophy. (2nd Edition.) 10s. 6d. net.
COOK, E. T.—Gardens of England. Painted by Beatrice Parsons. 4s. 6d. net.
CORMACK, GEORGE.—Egypt in Asia. 5s. net.
DUFF, PROF. A.—Hints on Old Testament Theology. 2s. 6d. net.
HOME, GORDON.—The Vales and Wolds of the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire. 7s. 6d. net.
OMOND, G. W. T.—Liege and the Ardennes. 7s. 6d. net.
POYSER, ARTHUR.—The Tower of London. Painted by John Fulleylove. 7s. 6d. net.
SCHMIEDEL, PROF. P. W.—The Johannine Writings. 3s. 6d. net.
SLOAN, J. M.—Galloway. Painted by James Faed, Jun. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

ANDOM, R.—The Enchanted Ship. 3s. 6d.
BREBNER, PERCY I.—Princess Maritza. 6d.
BRIGHTMORE, PROF. A. W.—Structural Engineering. 10s. 6d. net.
HASLUCK, PAUL N.—The Handyman's Enquire Within. 7s. 6d. net.
HERRING, PAUL.—Dragon's Silk. 6s.
HULME, F. E., F.L.S.—Familiar Swiss Flowers. 7s. 6d. net.
KEBBEL, T. E.—Lord Beaconsfield. 6s.
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—By their Fruits. 6s.
People's Library. 10 vols. 8d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BATIFFOL, LOUIS.—Marie de Médicis: a Study. 7s. 6d. net.
BESANT, WALTER.—No Other Way. (Cheap Edition.) 6d.
JEFFERIES, RICHARD.—The Open Air. Illustrated in Colours by Ruth Dollman. 5s. net.
READE, CHARLES.—A Perilous Secret. (Cheap Edition.) 6d.
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES.—The Duke of Gandia: a Tragedy. 5s. net; large paper edition, 10s. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

EVANS, A. J., M.A., and F. N. DIXON, B.A.—Certificate History of Great Britain, 1763–1815. 2s. 6d.
GOGGIN, L. E., B.A. (Editor).—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." 2s.
RUSK, R. R., Ph.D., M.A. (Editor).—More's "Utopia." 2s.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—The Tree of Heaven. 6s.
ELLIS, HAVELOCK.—The Soul of Spain. 7s. 6d. net.
SEBAG-MONTEFIORE, CECIL.—A History of the Volunteer Forces from Earliest Times to 1860.
SICHEL, EDITH.—The Later Years of Catherine de Medici. Illustrated. 15s. net.
SWAN, KENNETH R., B.A.—Patents, Trademarks and Designs. Illustrated. 6s. net.

Messrs. Duckworth & Co.

CAROTTI, DR. GIULIO.—History of Art. Vol. I. Ancient Art. English edition revised by Mrs. Arthur S. Strong, LL.D. 500 Illustrations. 5s. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

BLACKBURN, F. A., Ph.D.—Exodus and Daniel. (Belles Lettres Series.) 2s. 6d. net.
HUDSON, WILLIAM HENRY.—Shakespeare's "Tragedie of Julius Cæsar." (Vol. III. in "Elizabethan Shakespeare," from the Text of the First Folio.) 2s. 6d. net.
McSPADDEN, J. W.—Stories from Wagner. (Opera Edition.) 3s. 6d. net.
MOULTON, FRANK PRESCOTT.—Heath's Practical Latin Course. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

ALBANESI, MADAME.—Drusilla's Point of View. 6s.
BRADDON, MISS.—During her Majesty's Pleasure. 3s. 6d.
CRISPE, WINIFRED.—Corry Thorndike. 6s.
GRAND, MADAME SARAH.—Emotional Moments. 6s.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

CONYERS, DOROTHEA.—Three Girls and a Hermit. 6s.
MELVILLE, LEWIS.—Beaux of the Regency. With 2 coloured plates and numerous other illustrations. 2 vols. 24s. net.
RIVES, HALLIE ERMINIE.—Satan Sanderson. 6s.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

BRAID, JAMES.—Advanced Golf. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
JENNER, MRS. H. L.—Our Lady in Art. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.
MYERS, A. WALLIS.—The Complete Lawn Tennis Player. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
SIDGWICK, MRS. ALFRED.—Home Life in Germany. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
THIBANDEAU, A. C.—Bonaparte and the Consulate. Translated and Edited by G. K. Fortescue, LL.D. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. John Milne.

GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—The Rome Express. (New Edition.) 1s. net.
HENTY, G. A.—The Lost Heir. 6d.
PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—The Insane Root. 6d.
PUGH, EDWIN.—The Enchantress. 6s.
VALLINGS, HAROLD.—Lady Mary of Tavistock. 6s.

Mr. John Murray.

DASENT, ARTHUR IRWIN.—The Life of John Thadeus Delane, Editor of the *Times*. 30s. net.
GREEN, REV. PROF. E. TYRRELL.—The Eucharist.
LUCAS, REGINALD.—Colonel Saunderson, M.P. (A Memoir.)
MILLER, WILLIAM.—The Latins in the Levant.
PROTHERO, ROWLAND E.—The Pleasant Land of France.
SHIPLEY, A. E.—Pearls and Parasites.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.

BELL, JAMES, B.A.—The "Teacher" Guide to the 1908 Certificate Examinations. 1s. net.
BROOKE, STOPFORD, LL.D.—A Study of Four Poets: Clough, Arnold, Rossetti, and Morris. 6s. net.
HORDER, GARRETT W.—The Sunlit Road. Readings in Verse and Prose for Every Day in the Year. 3s. net.
HOW, F. D.—Clerical Humour of Olden Time. 6s. net.
MIJATOVICH, CHEDO.—Servia and the Servians. 16 Illustrations. 16s. net.
MILTOUN, FRANCIS, and BLANCHE McMANUS.—Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre. 7s. 6d. net.
PIXLEY, FRANCIS W.—Accountancy. (Part I.) 5s. net.
Pitman's International Mercantile Letters: English. 2s. 6d.
Pitman's International Mercantile Letters: Italian. 3s.
Book-keeping Transactions. No. 2. In Envelope. 2s. 6d.
Pitman's Supplementary Readers. King Lear; Merchant of Venice. Paper, 4d.; cloth, 5d.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

CHURCH, REV. PROF. ALFRED JOHN.—Memories of Men and Books. With Portraits. 8s. 6d. net.
DE LA PASTURE, MRS. HENRY.—The Grey Knight: an Autumn Love Story. 6s.
FINDLATER, MARY and JANE.—Crossriggs. 6s. net.
KENYON, FREDERIC G. (Editor).—The Life and Letters of Robert Browning. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. (New Edition, with 2 Portraits.) 7s. 6d. net.
LORING, ANDREW.—The Forefront of the Battle. 6s.
MOORE, FREDERICK.—The Passing of Morocco. With Maps and Illustrations. 5s. net.
STEPHEN, LESLIE, and SIDNEY LEE (Editors).—Dictionary of National Biography. Re-issue, Vol. II. (Beal—Browell.) Cloth, 15s. net; half-Morocco, 21s. net.
WEBSTER, A. D.—Hardy Ornamental Flowering Trees and Shrubs. (3rd Edition.) 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

HYNDMAN, H. M.—Commercial Crises of the Nineteenth Century. (A reissue.) 2s. 6d.
MAUDE, COL.—The Leipzig Campaign. (Special Campaign Series.) 5s. net.
MORRIS, W., and E. B. BAX.—Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome. (A reissue.) 3s. 6d.
SAWYER, CAPT.—The Wilderness Campaign. (Special Campaign Series.) 5s. net.
SPILLER, GUSTAV.—Faith in Man. 1s. 6d. net.
THEAL, DR. G. McCALL.—The History of S. Africa: 1861–1872. 7s. 6d. 1795–1828, revised edition. 7s. 6d. 1854–1872, revised edition. 7s. 6d.
VERSCHOYLE, W. D.—Electricity: What is It? 2s. 6d. net.
New Classical Library. An abridgment of Seyffert's Dictionary of Antiquities; The Pandects (De verborum obligationibus) and the important parts of Gaius. 3s. 6d. net each.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE
APRIL, 1908.

THE READER.

SOME CAMBRIDGE POETS AND POETRY.

By "Oxonian."

THE predominance of Cambridge in English poetry is undisputed and unexplained. A flippant theory ascribes it to a reaction against the tyranny of mathematics, an extension of the principle that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

To touch the fringe of so vast a subject as the literary associations of Cambridge would require a considerable volume. Here we can indulge in only a few un-methodical notes on the great men of letters who have walked as undergraduates by the banks of the Cam. For a Cambridge man to assert the pre-eminence of any particular college in respect of the richness of its literary associations would be an indiscretion few would attempt to commit, but to an impartial outsider this is a matter of the greatest interest.

Three colleges are close competitors for this honour—St. John's, Trinity, and Pembroke. The claim of the last might well rest alone on its association with the poet's poet, Edmund Spenser. In a very special sense is Spenser a Cambridge poet. It was there he fell under that influence of Platonism which is reflected in most of his work. The Cambridge of his time stood for Platonism and Puritanism, and Spenser was deeply influenced by both these movements. "Spenser's Puritanism saved him from seizing upon those pagan and sensuous elements in classical literature which proved a pitfall to so many of his contemporaries; it made him blind to the more dangerous aspects of Platonism and helped to concentrate his attention on that which is noblest and most characteristic in Plato—his ethical genius. On the other hand Spenser's Platonism preserved him from the, artistically at any rate, no less dangerous pitfalls of Puritanism." And it was at Cambridge that Spenser met Gabriel Harvey, who was the means of introducing him to the brilliant circle over which Sir Philip Sidney presided. Pembroke can also boast of Crashaw and Mason, and pride itself on having given a refuge to Thomas Gray when he was driven from Peterhouse by the horse-play of the undergraduates.

St. John's has a long and brilliant roll of honour. In the drama it is represented by "Rare Ben"; in translation and scholarship by Fairfax and Bentley; in lyric and light verse by Herrick and Prior; and to the Romantic Triumph it gave William Wordsworth.

If we consider literature generally, it is impossible to refuse the palm to Trinity. There is no branch of science or literature to which it has not sent forth a master-mind. From Trinity came Francis Bacon, the supreme English example of "pure intellect," so often praised for a philosophical greatness he never really attained, and so constantly undervalued as the model historian he undoubtedly is. From Trinity also came Cowley, the last of the "metaphysicals," and one of the great pioneers of modern English prose. The same college was the *alma mater* of Dryden, the founder of the classical school of English poetry and the first great name in English criticism, and of Isaac Newton, whose genius and modesty have won him a twofold immortality. But the fame of Trinity reached its highest at the beginning of last century, when to Byron succeeded Tennyson and Thackeray and all the illustrious friends associated with these names—FitzGerald, Spedding, Arthur Hallam, to name only but a few.

With Christ's is associated the names of Milton and "Lycidas." It was also the college of Charles Darwin, and gave hospitable welcome to Calverley. Corpus Christi boasts of Marlowe and Fletcher. The literary glories of Jesus are the strangely assorted couple, Cranmer and Coleridge, whence the latter departed to enlist in the dragoons. At King's studied Phineas Fletcher, Edmund Waller, and Horace Walpole, to be followed *longo intervallo* by J. K. Stephen, wittiest of University versifiers.

Clare has no great poet to its credit, but in Tillotson it gave us one of the early masters of English prose. Emmanuel claims Sir William Temple; Gonville and Caius Jeremy Taylor; at Magdalene reposes the zealously guarded secrets of Mr. Samuel Pepys; and Queens' figures proudly in the history of the New Learning by its association with the name of Erasmus. The roll-call is capable of indefinite extension. The claim of Cambridge to be the nursery of our poets is sufficiently established if we remember but the names of Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. The list includes all the brightest stars in the firmament of English poetry—with the exception of the Oxonian Shelley and the self-taught quartette, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, and Keats.

Milton's Mulberry Tree, Christ Church College, Cambridge.

It is impossible to treat the whole field of our subject as if it were on one plane or had any unity. The recognised Olympian poets have in many cases been at daggers drawn with their universities. Milton had the unique distinction of being the last undergraduate to receive corporal punishment from the maternal hands of Cambridge; and perhaps

that is a reasonable excuse for the very elephantine humour of his two elegies on old Hobson, the university carrier. Was there ever a more ponderous forestalment of Tom Hood than those mighty lines ending with the Apocalyptic jest—"his wain was his increase." Shelley, despite his expulsion from Oxford, maintained a more discreet silence on the subject. Tennyson wrote an angry sonnet about Cambridge. William Morris inveighed against Oxford dons. Mr. Swinburne attacked the fame of Calverley in prose, while Byron abused the dons of Cambridge to this effect in verse :

"The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade ;
Where on Cam's sedgy bank supine they lie
Unknown, unhonoured live, unwept for, die.
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls ;
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise ;
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunk's or Porson's note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote."

Wordsworth, in one of his greatest sonnets and also in the "Prelude"—probably as a man who never came into conflict with the authorities—was able to devote himself to the beauties and grandeur of the place itself.

On the whole, Cambridge might be said to have justified its existence, if it had done no more than inspire those fourteen immortal lines of Wordsworth on King's College Chapel :

"Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who planned
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence !
—Give all thou canst : high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more :—
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised and scoop'd into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

It is not a vain expense to build even a university for the sake of a sonnet like that !

It is said that Mr. Swinburne left Oxford without a degree owing to his refusing to recognise the existence of the Divinity examination. But that this did not prevent his recognition of the natural beauties of the place or preclude his life-long friendship with Jowett is now almost as well known as the fact that University College has erected a statue to Shelley. Mr. Watts-Dunton, in three of his finest sonnets, has enshrined some beautiful memories of this friendship and the days when they walked

"through flowery ways
From Boar's Hill down to Oxford, fain to know
What nugget-gold, in drift of Time's long flow
The Bodleian mine hath stored from richer days."

But Mr. Swinburne has given us no poetry on the subject.

Perhaps Matthew Arnold is the only real Oxford poet, therefore, in the sense of this article—that is to say the only voice of Oxford itself ; and it is difficult to say whether he or Tennyson has the better of it as an academic interpreter. Tennyson's little cameo, entitled "A Character," was studied from the life at Cambridge, probably from a don.

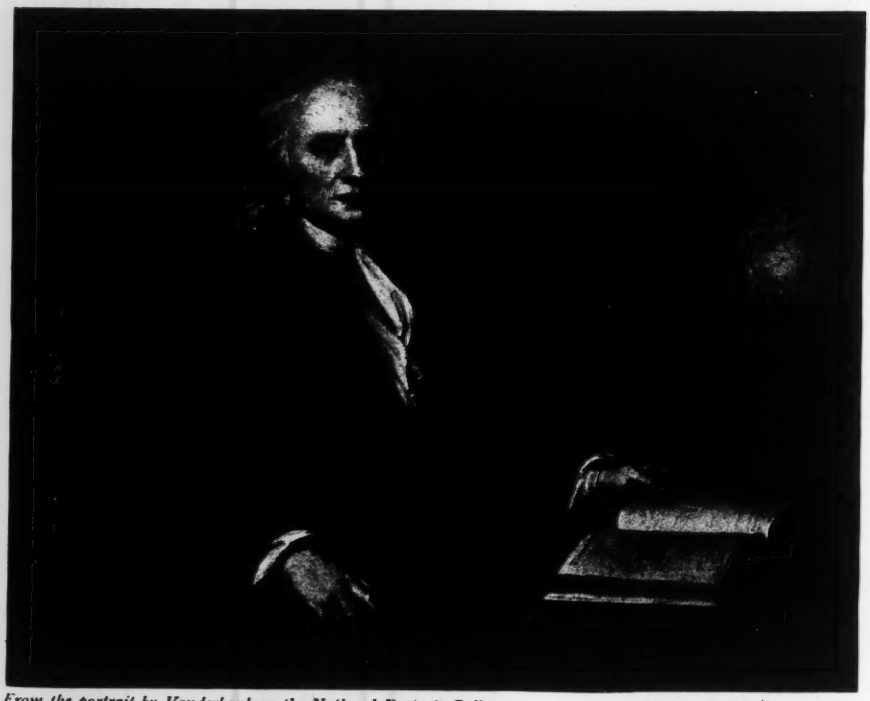
"He spake of beauty ! that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air ;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smoothed his chin and sleek'd his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful."

However, Tennyson, who went down without a degree, recovered sufficiently from his early spleen to give us "dawn-golden" pictures of Cambridge and its real life.

The "Princess" has much of the Cambridge atmosphere ; while "In Memoriam" is — from its subject—necessarily a Cambridge elegy :

"I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown ;
I roved at random through the town
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

"And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music rolling shake
The prophet blazoned on the panes ;

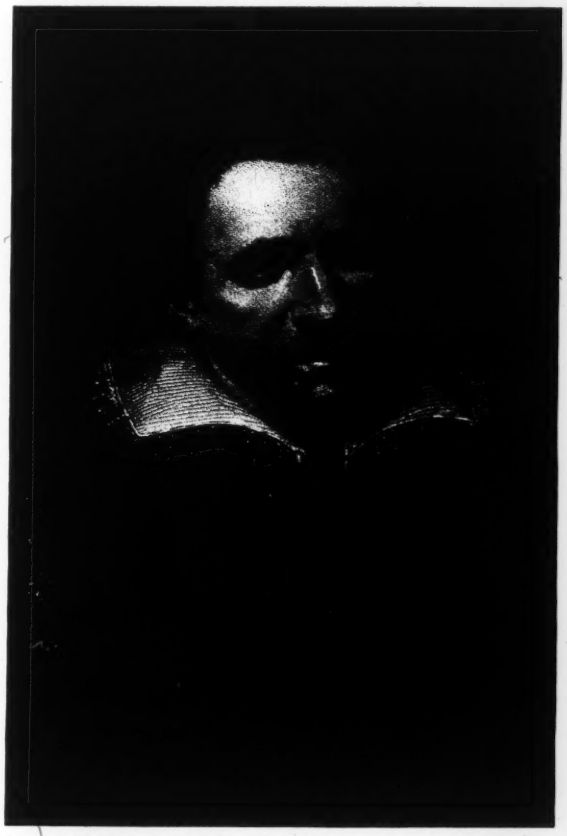


From the portrait by Vanderbank in the National Portrait Gallery.

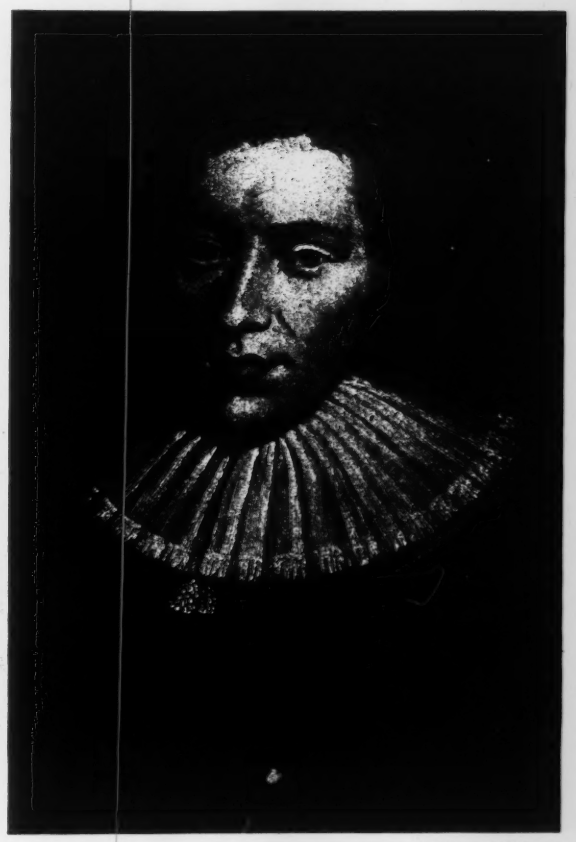
Sir Isaac Newton.

From the portrait by Kneller **Samuel Pepys.**

From the painting by Holbein, Bâle. **Erasmus.**



From a picture in the possession of Mr. Knight. Engraved by E. Scriven. **Ben Jonson.**



An early portrait. **John Milton.**

Jeremy Taylor.

" And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows ; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

" The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same ; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

" Another name was on the door ;
I lingered ; all within was noise
Of songs and clapping hands and boys
That crashed the glass and beat the floor

" Where once we held debate," . . .

With Tennyson's extraordinary power of summing up and expressing his age, certainly it is all given to us there—the whole of Cambridge.

Drawn and etched by J. B. Swaine. **From "The Wrestlers" Inn-yard.**
The reputed birth-place of Jeremy Taylor.

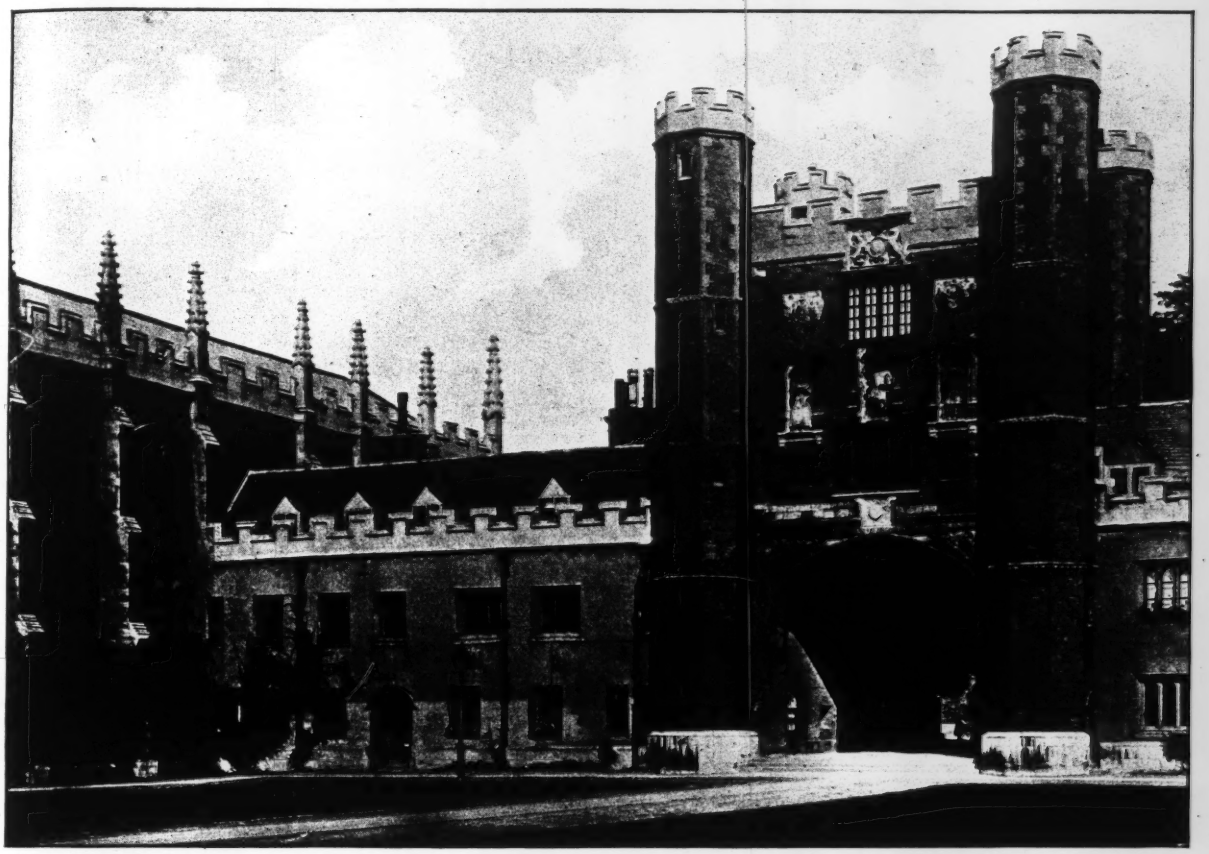
When we come to the still more modern men, in whom the gay spirit predominates and only for short swallow-flights dips its wings in tears and skims away—Cambridge is first and the rest nowhere. C. S. C. and J. K. S. and R. C. L. remain triumphant over all comers. Their Cambridge writings really have formed a little independent literature, filled with the atmosphere, the joys and sorrows of an independent world, a sort of little modern Greece, where athleticism has something that belonged to the Olympic games, and humour something of the classic, because philosophical, sparkle. As a background to the picture of this world we wish to represent, we cannot do better than quote Mr. Shuckburgh's admirable No. 63 of the "Tatler" in Cambridge. He is describing how a Cambridge undergraduate has just received a very desolate and heart-rending poem from one of his friends about some unhappy love-affair :

" I thought this a little more serious than most of my Friend's complaints, because it had somewhat less Love in it. I therefore went on my Way to see him. I found him lying on his sofa, by his Open Window, smoking a Pipe and reading a novel ; the room was full of Violets and other Flowers ; the Window looked out into a Pleasant Garden, and through it a most deliciously soft and fragrant Spring Breeze was gently blowing ; his Face wore that fresh, sleek and glossy Appearance which a Man's face does in the Prime of Youth and Health, when he is smoking his First Pipe after Breakfast, and has not left his Tub more than Half an Hour. By his side stood a Pewter filled with that delicious Drink compounded of Beer and Gingerbeer. He looked the Picture of Indolence and Comfort. After regarding him for a few Minutes in Silence, while filling my own Pipe, I remarked with my usual easy wit : 'Then I suppose Sin and Time have stopped their shooting Match ?'"

It is difficult to say why that has a Greek atmosphere ; but it is really more Greek than "Atalanta in Calydon"—not, despite the violets or the youth's nickname (which was Narcissus), in the details, but in the whole sunny atmosphere it is Greek and pagan essentially. If Plato wrote nowadays he would abound in passages of that kind. It is not an attempt to reproduce the old : it is merely itself—and therefore all the more purely Greek. If the reader can apprehend our meaning, he will understand that there is no jest about the matter when we declare Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco" to have the same classic charm, a charm heightened by the limpid purity of his style :

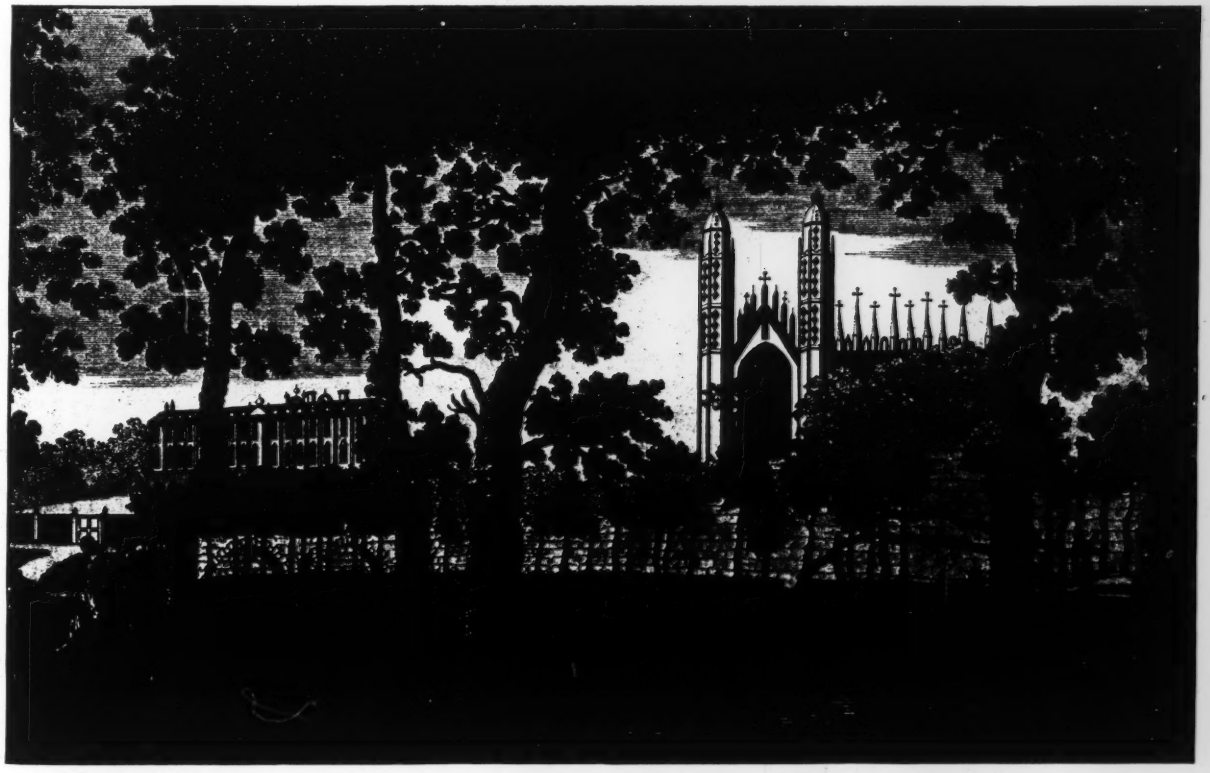
" Sweet when the morn is gray :
Sweet when they've cleared away
Lunch ; and at close of day,
Possibly sweetest."

Epigrams, too, have here, in the literature of Cambridge, exactly the old spontaneity and vitality. Porson, who was Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and William Lort Mansel, Master of Trinity and afterwards Bishop of Bristol, were the terrors of the University. Some of their epigrams are almost as unfit for modern print as the frankest of classical achievements. J. K. S., however, is always quotable, as here to "One that Smokes" :

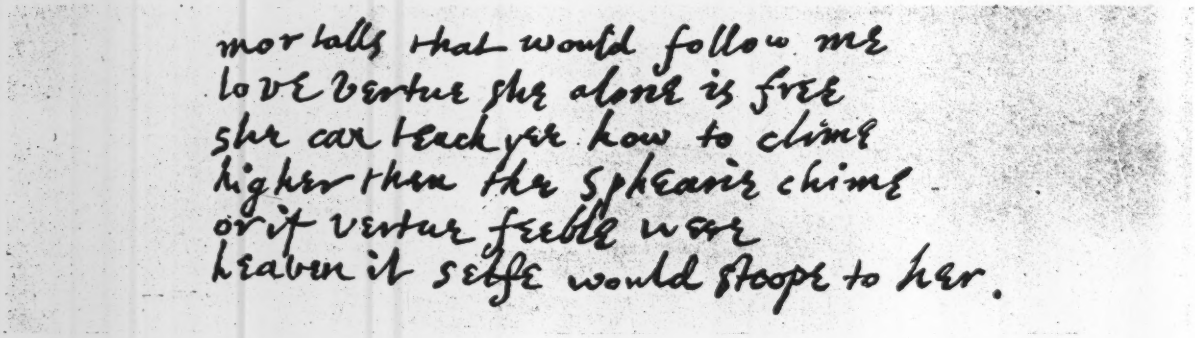


Trinity College, Cambridge.

Macaulay's rooms are on the ground floor on the left of the small doorway, where the creeper is over the window. Thackeray's rooms are on the right side of the doorway, and Isaac Newton's rooms are over Thackeray's. Newton used the top of the tower for his observations.



A view of Clare Hall, and King's College Chapel.



From the original MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Facsimile of the concluding lines of "Comus."

"Spare us the hint of slightest desecration,
Spotless preserve us an untainted shrine;
Not for thy sake, oh goddess of creation,
Nor for thy sake, oh woman, but for mine."

We quote this, however, not as a specially brilliant example, but merely as an obvious heir of all the classical ages. Spontaneous, tossed off between two cigarettes, as no doubt it was, it is a mere gesture of a man essentially at one with Greece and Rome, and not less so because he is at one with modern England.

Mr. Owen Seaman recognised the paganism of the university world, at any rate (though for him it is a Horatian paganism), when he entitled one of his most charming volumes "Horace at Cambridge"; and perhaps one of the finest and purest examples of what we may call the Roman spirit in its highest modern aspect is that splendid piece of reticent, yet all the more eloquent, memorial poetry by the Cambridge poet Mr. R. C. Lehmann to Hugh Benjamin Cotton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, who died in 1895. We quote from the volume entitled "Anni Fugaces." Often as the cry of "Frater Ave atque Vale" has rung from English lips, it has hardly ever rung with such classic purity of sound and spirit as here:

"So, here in Magdalen, hail again,
Beneath the Tower, or in the Hall,
Or through the Cloisters, where a rain
Of red leaves flutters from the wall,
Or where in old and happy days
The Barges echoed with your praise. . . ."

And yet again, two years later:

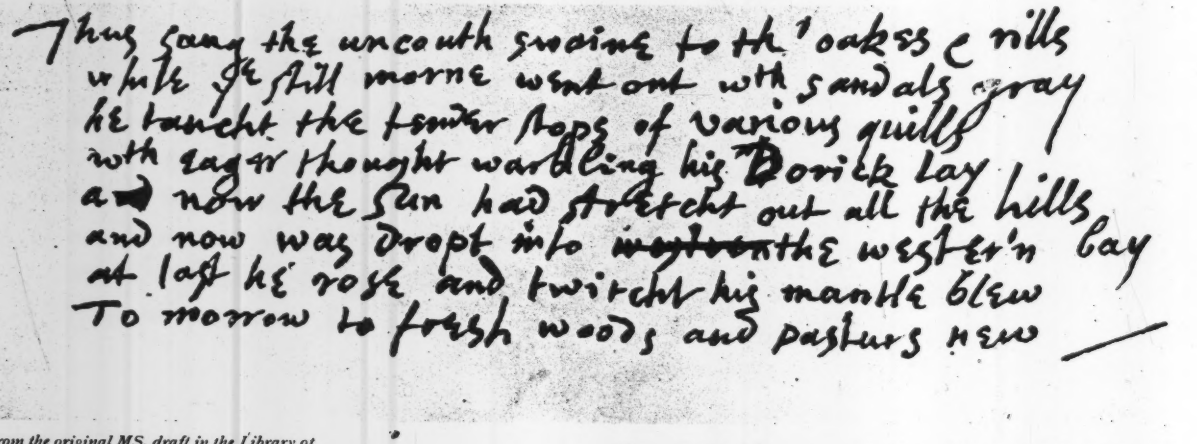
"For summer has not yielded yet;
Still in stray gleams her tresses glow.
But, ah! with tears her face is wet,
She lingers, but she turns to go!
And on the air her whisper dies—
'Farewell, damp earth and chilly skies!'

"So let her pass; the shadows fall;
I set the ruddy fire alight;
Its glamour flickers through the hall,
A sober silence holds the night.
And as I sit, dim shapes of air
Appear and fade about my chair. . .

"Two years are gone, your welcome voice
Makes music still to dull my pain.
You smile and bid my heart rejoice,
Your friendship cheers me yet again.
I call you, and unchanged you stand,
As first you stood and clasped my hand.

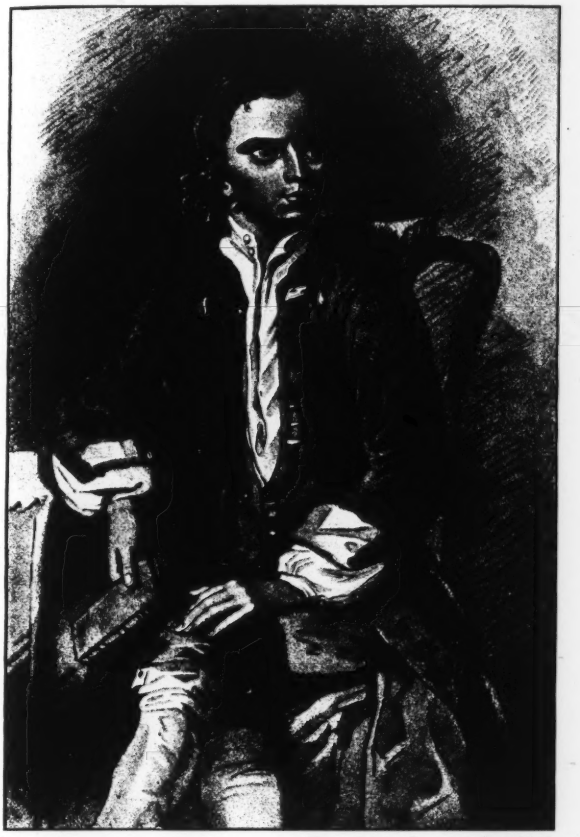
"And thus, recalled at will, you prove
That Death is naught and Fate is blind.
Life's brightness in your eyes, you move
Through the clear chambers of my mind.
This Nature grants, since death controls
Our breath, but not the world of souls. . . .

"And you, Oh! friend of former days
Be with me, make my purpose strong;
Still through the world's encircling maze
Help you my faltering steps along.
The last flames flicker, fade and die,—
Good-night, dear friend, but not Good-bye."



From the original MS. draft in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Facsimile of the concluding lines of "Lycidas."

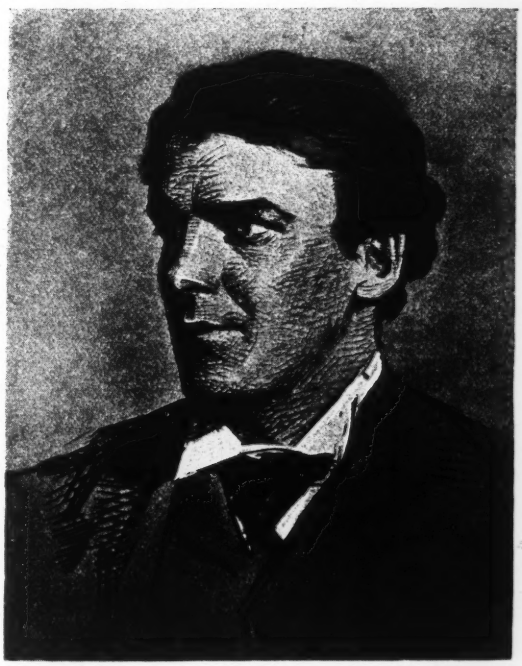


Thomas Gray, aet. 15.

From an original painting by Richardson, in the possession of — Robertson Esq., Cambridge. Drawn by permission of H. Corbould, engraved by J. Hopwood.

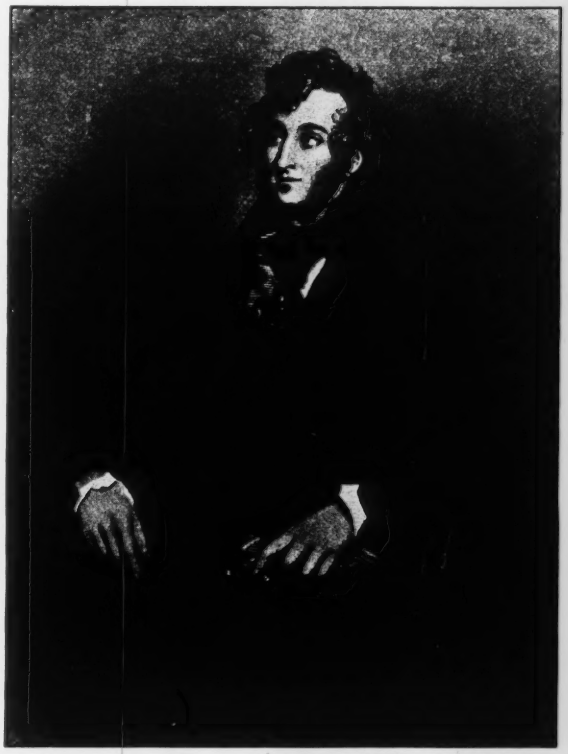
Lord Macaulay.

An early portrait.



"J. K. S."

J. K. Stephen, author of 'Lapsus Calami" and other verses.



Sir E. L. Bulwer, first Baron Lytton.

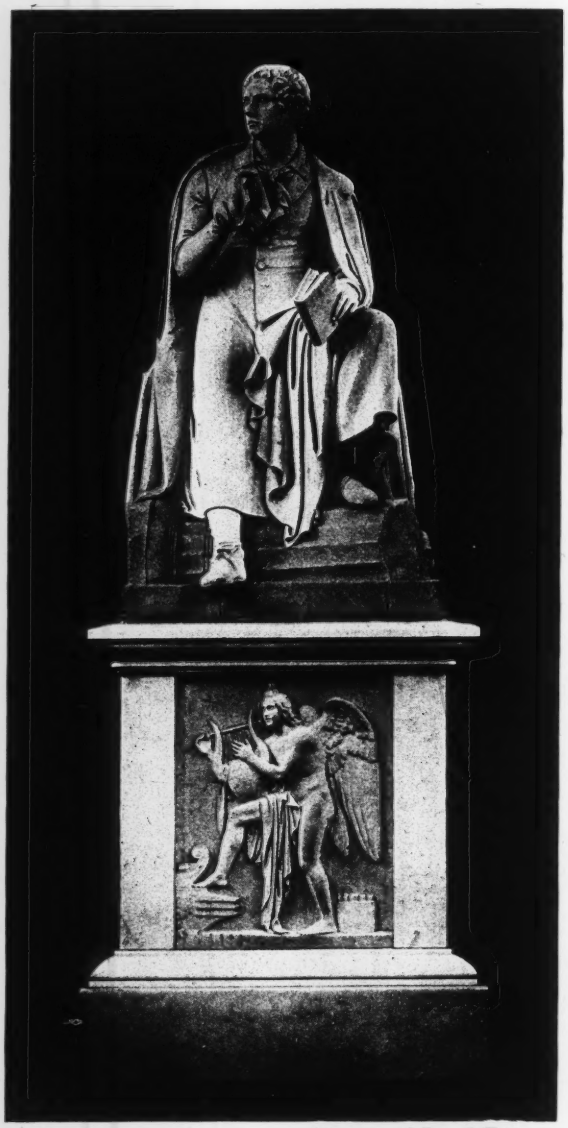
FLAUBERT ON WRITING.

By Arthur Ransome.

A WRITER'S apprenticeship is very different from a painter's. He can, it is true, copy or translate his old masters. Just as a reverent art student, "playing the sedulous ape" to his gods, turns out his Rembrandts, Titians, and Tintorettos, so the writer fitting their manners to his own materials may be at different times a travesty of Sterne, or Hazlitt, or Sir Thomas Browne. But his work is solitary and silent. He sits alone with his ink and his paper in some little room by himself: he cannot work in another man's studio. Ask him questions, watch his attitude towards the art, and learn from his own lips the ideas he has picked up in his pilgrim's progress towards perfection. We know the men brought up by Rubens. But who studied in Shakespeare's workshop? And had Cervantes pupils? Writers teach their art only by their use of it, and wrestle out its secrets by themselves. Those rule-proving exceptions are doubly valuable where letters, or recorded conversations, bring a great writer near enough to look over a young man's shoulder, and let his knowledge have a direct influence on his work.

These cases are rare. Poe's essay on the composition of "The Raven," Godwin's preface about the construction of "Caleb Williams," a few fragments of Stevenson—these are almost the only substitutes for the face to face advice that is the good fortune of the young painter. This is perhaps because it is only lately that writers have become sufficiently self-conscious to wonder or indeed to notice the methods of their work. A careless or facile writer's fragments of honesty about his art would not be worth much. The best teachers are those who have had to take most pains to learn. Dickens on writing would not be very suggestive; nor Fielding, nor Shakespeare. They might be terrible, frightening, because their difficulties scarcely worried them, but they would not help us to overcome our own. The sight of a god does not make it easy to become one. But it is different with the ideas of a man like Flaubert, simply because writing, for him, was a thing of such stupendous labour. Whether his attitude is antipathetic or not, whether or not we like his work, we can learn something from seeing how it was done. It is fortunate that he was an egoist, and not one of those proud men who make their preparations in private, allow no one to peep behind the scenes, and exhibit only the complete results. In the four volumes of his correspondence we can trace the life-history of each of his books, watch him at work, and overhear the ideas that, if he had been a painter, he might have thought aloud to help some younger artist daubing at his side.

From those four volumes I have chosen a few sentences that seem to illustrate, as well as such things can, the personality that lay beneath his writing, and the methods of his work. I have put them in a rough sequence.



Statue of Lord Byron.

By Thorwaldsen. Now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

He was one of the leaders of the school that found its parody in Zola and its most perfect expression in De Maupassant. The first two sentences seem to me the underlying ideas of the realistic movement:

"What dull stupidity it is, always to praise the lie and to say that poetry lives on illusion. As if disillusion were not a hundred times more poetical in itself."

"Fine subjects make mediocre works."

"Look in the glass and laugh. Do not take yourself seriously. Keep always a philosophic irony for my sake."

On style:

"I was five days making one page."

"Style, which is a thing I take to heart, horribly agitates my nerves."

Often, in his letters, he prefaces some piece of vividly described emotion with "nervously speaking."

"I am the obscure and patient diver after pearls who comes up with empty hands and paled face."

"I love above all the nervous phrase, substantial, clear, with starting muscles and browned skin. I love masculine phrases, not feminine."

On writing generally:

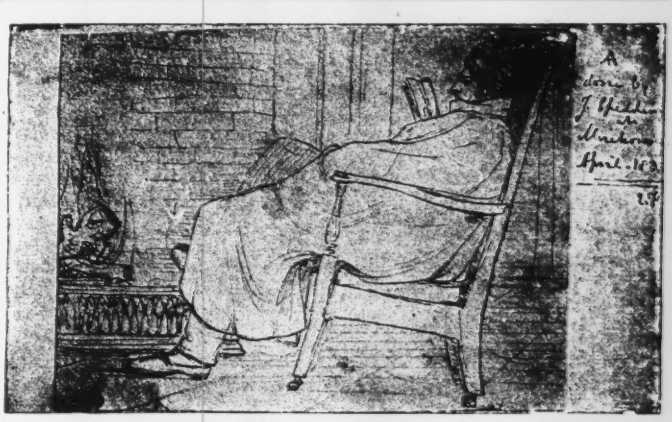
"Think only of art, for all is there. I have said an irrevocable good-bye to the life of action."

"One must follow art for its own sake, for itself alone, as one plays the violin."

"Success appears to me to be a result and not the end."

"I have in my head a manner of writing and an elegance of language to which I would like to attain. When I think I have plucked the apricot, I shall not be unwilling to sell it, or that people should clap their hands if it is good."

"Find out what is really your nature, and be in harmony with it. 'Sibi constat,' said Horace. All is there."



From a sketch by J. Spedding, made at Mirehouse, April, 1835

Alfred Tennyson

(Reproduced from "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Memoir," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

"La fievre ête l'esprit." This is an untranslatable phrase. We have no word equivalent to the last, and it is perhaps on account of this that the French deny our possession of the thing itself.

"Work, above all think, condense your thought; you know that beautiful fragments are worthless, unity, unity is everything."

"The author in his work should be like God in the Universe, present everywhere, and visible nowhere."

What whole-hearted devotion to his art is suggested by these short strenuous sentences! Flaubert's respect for the written word is something moving, like a man's religion. He was years in making a single book, months, working daily, over a single scene. I have heard people sigh over the output of modern novels, thinking of the life-blood that has gone to the making of each one of them. But a book of Flaubert's cost him more than the united cares of seven hundred of these novelists, hurrying their pens over the paper, watching the sheets pile up, impatient to send another mis-shapen abortion limping out into the world. It is harder for one man to be honest than for seven hundred to let slip lies. Flaubert's whole creed was to tell the truth. What exactly did he feel? There were the letters that were always flaming before him. It is vivid pain for a labourer to be cross-questioned, and forced to find words for his unrealised meaning. With increased facility of speech we grow more callous and write approximations to the thoughts that, not having accurately described, we do not possess; but Flaubert, with almost fanatic conscientiousness, forced on himself the torture of the cross-questioned labourer. He would say the truth or nothing, and rejected phrase after phrase in his search for exactitude, until he would sometimes almost cry out for anguish. Happier, perhaps, the men with an easier creed.

Gabriel Harvey

Critic and friend of Edmund Spenser.

It is difficult to believe that the older writers bought their success so dearly. Their thoughts cannot have been so biassed, for it is the honest expression of every bias, of the background, of the smell, of the feel of an idea, that makes circumspicuity of writing so difficult. Flaubert writes:

"The men I read habitually, my pillow-books, are Montaigne, Rabelais, Regnier, Le Bruyère, and Le Sage. I avow that I adore the prose of Voltaire. . . . Now I am re-reading Tacitus. Some time when I feel better I will take again my Homer and Shakespeare. Homer and Shakespeare, all is there. The other poets, even the greatest, seem little beside them."

Of all these names, most were open-handed producers, and the self-analysis of the others was something very different from his own. Montaigne, for example, sitting peaceably in his tower, asking himself with lively interest what were his opinions, was not at all like the almost terrible figure of Flaubert, striding to and fro in his chamber, wringing phrases from his nerves, asking himself passionately, ferociously, what he meant, and almost throttling himself for an answer. And the most precise of character-sketches did not cost La Bruyère the travail of three sentences on the emotions of Madame Bovary. Is it harder than it was to produce a masterpiece? But the very difficulty he experienced, the struggle for articulation, for breath, for words, makes Flaubert such a teacher of the art of writing as could scarcely exist before his day. "Days and nights to the study of Addison" may teach people to write like Johnson, but days and nights in the study of Flaubert should teach people at least to be ashamed of not trying to write like themselves.

NOTES OF A BOOKBUYER.

By CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

I AM very much obliged to correspondents who have kindly written me about the Rev. James J. Holroyd, M.A., of White Hall, Colchester, whose bookplate is in my volumes of *John Bull*. Mr. Holroyd Chaplin says: "J. J. Holroyd (*b.* 1800, *d.* 1876), Rector of Abberton, Essex, was a younger son of Sir George Sowley Holroyd, the well-known Judge of the King's Bench (*b.* 1758, *d.* 1831). The Rev. J. J. Holroyd was the author of 'Three Comedies translated from the German of G. E. Lessing,' published in 1838." Mr. Penderel-Brodhurst, editor of the *Guardian*, very kindly mentions an interesting circumstance: "Mr. Holroyd held for many years the Rectory of Abberton, near Colchester, in which he was succeeded in 1876 by the Rev. E. J. A. FitzRoy. And herein is a very odd little coincidence. You have Mr. Holroyd's volumes of *John Bull*; now Mr. FitzRoy was the then editor of *John Bull*. I have Mr. Holroyd's set (8 vols.) of the *Spectator* with his bookplate, and that of his wife's parents, 'Samuel and Sophia Tyssen, Narborough.' The Holroyds were long well known in Colchester for many years." I thank these friendly correspondents.

It has been pointed out by "Septuagenarian" that the sketch from *John Bull* of December 24, 1827, which I printed in February, is a political skit. "The then First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Goderich, is represented as appearing at Bow Street to be tried for sending in his resignation, and to give evidence in which every allusion is to the political situation and political difficulties of the time, the names of prominent members of the Tory party being brought in as possible successors to Frederick Robinson—Lord Goderich." I am grateful for this information, but it does not seem to affect the point for which I was contending—that Dickens drew with remarkable fidelity from the real life of his time, and that many things in his books which are supposed to be caricatures are in reality from the life. In his article on Dickens in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the late Professor Minto has some admirable remarks on this. He points out that Dickens was fond of insisting that genius meant attention. It would be more correct to say that no genius is of much avail for great literary productions without attention. "Dickens could never have gathered together his amazing variety of characters and abundance of incidents without attention. M. Taine in his criticism of Dickens dwells much upon the boundless wealth of his imagination; Dickens himself would have expressed the same fact by speaking of the persistence and closeness of his attention. . . . M. Taine rather gives us the notion that Dickens sat down and trusted to the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination, whereas, ready and active as his imagination ever was, he accumulated materials for it with the industry of a pre-Raphaelite painter." To this I may add that Minto said to me more than once that Dickens had been much influenced by Theodore Hook. I suggested that John Poole, the author of "Little Pedlington," had given hints to Dickens, but Minto's opinion was that Hook had a stronger spell. Perhaps it would be true to say that both Hook and Dickens gave attention to the characters and the manners of their time, and reproduced them faithfully, though the transmuting process of the imagination was more evident in Dickens than in Hook.

The other day I went round the bookshops in Charing Cross Road, as is often my habit on a Wednesday afternoon. In Mr. Dobell's shop I bought "Pickwick Abroad, or The Tour of France," by G. W. M. Reynolds, illustrated with forty steel engravings by Crowquill, and thirty-three wood-cuts. My copy was published by Henry G. Bohn in 1864, and I paid for it 10s. 6d. The preface contains favourable notices from the *Age*, *Bell's Life in London*, the *Merthyr Guardian*, and other periodicals, and the author boasts that though many works in a similar strain were issued from the press about the same time, with the announcement that they were to be completed in twenty numbers, they died of pure inanition one after another. "A partial feeling of satisfaction and pride cannot, therefore, be blamed in the author of 'Pickwick Abroad' when he contemplates the successful termination of his labours in the twenty parts to which no other imitator of the immortal 'Boz' has yet attained." There is also a preface to the second edition in which Reynolds says: "On perusing the work preparatory to the issue of the present edition, I see nothing that I regret having written, or that I have thought it prudent to omit." The book is a very substantial octavo volume of more than six hundred pages. It is almost inconceivably hard reading. There is not a ray of humour or a touch of pathos in the whole monstrous heap. Vulgarity is all-pervading; the characters are transformed. Pickwick loses his sound heart and judgment in Paris; Sam Weller becomes a fool; Tupman and Winkle are mere lay figures. Reynolds is not obscene; he is simply coarse and dull. He ekes out his book with short stories interpolated here and there about Vidocq and others. It is obvious that he had neither attention nor imagination. The one character which approaches humour is Mr. Septimus Chitty, who is introduced as "author of several scientific works, professor of Latin and *Belles Lettres*, a member of various institutions, correspondent to many of the British journals, poet to the British Embassy, etc., etc., etc." Mr. Chitty has a drama, "The Creation" part of which he reads to Mr. Pickwick. It starts thus:

"THE CREATION.
A Drama."

"He went on:

"'THE CREATION.
A Drama in Five Acts,
By SEPTIMUS CHITTY, ESQ.,
Author of divers Poems, Professor of Latin, etc.'

"The Poet took breath once more, turned over another leaf, and continued in the ensuing manner:

"'THE CREATION.

Dramatis Personæ.

The Four Winds.
Chaos.
The Spirits of the Earth, the Air, Fire and Water.
Man and Woman.'

"The author goes on.

"'THE CREATION.

Act I.

Scene.—Infinite Space.'

"Eh!' said Mr. Pickwick, dubiously. 'Where did you say the scene was laid, Sir?'

"'In infinite space, to be sure,' answered Mr. Chitty. 'Capital idea, isn't it? Such a scene for stage effect.'

"'So I should think,' observed Mr. Pickwick, considerably enlightened; 'but pray proceed.'

"'I will,' responded Mr. Chitty; '*et nullus error*—and no mistake. But where was I? Oh!—

"'*Scene*—Infinite Space.

Enter the Four Winds.

Chorus of Winds.

First Wind.—Birr-r-r-r-r-r-r.
Second Wind.—Siss-s-s-s-s-s-s.
Third Wind.—Whi-ou-u-u-w-w-w.
Fourth Wind.—Puff-f-f-f-f-f-f.'"

There is a poetical letter from Mr. Snodgrass to his friends in Paris, dated 1835. It contains the lines:

"I have but little news to tell, for England still is quiet,
Although our sister-isle each day be menac'd with a riot;
Things seem to jog on just the same as when you went away,
And Mr. Bentley still maintains of publishing the sway,
While many an author starves within the Fleet or Banco Regis—
But such can never hap to you with Weller as your Ægis.

"Books pour upon us from the press of this illustrious city,
In giant heaps—romance and verse—historical and witty—
Bulwers and Bayleys—Gore and Galt—Hook, Howard, Hook, and Hervey
Enough to turn the reader's mind insane or topsy-turvy.
Thus publishers and authors both will carry still the game on,
While you and Winkle roam afar—a Pythias and Damon."

For one I regret the demolition of Booksellers' Row, and the removal of the booksellers' shops. Booksellers' Row was an ideal place for bookbuyers. You could move quietly from shop to shop and ransack the treasures. Rent was lower than in the new quarter; and thus it was possible to have larger stocks. Perhaps the books were cheaper, though they are now cheap enough in all conscience. I may be mistaken, but it seems as if there are fewer expert bookbuyers in Charing Cross Road than there were in Booksellers' Row. One of the new booksellers estimated his visitors at about sixty a day. I counted in all the shops I was in between four and five on a Wednesday afternoon only sixteen people. In Booksellers' Row you had to secure your bargain at once or it might soon be picked up. I recollect seeing at one end of it a very nice copy of *Town Talk*, the periodical in which Edmund Yates published his fierce attack on Thackeray. The volume contained several extra documents illustrative of that quarrel. As I had to return by that end of the street, I left the book till I had inspected the other bookshops. Alas and alas! I found on my return that the precious volume had vanished, and the price was only two shillings! I hope, however, that catalogues make amends to the secondhand booksellers, and that they do better than ever in spite of appearances. Indeed, I know one very enterprising firm of secondhand booksellers who do not think it worth while to keep a shop, and do the whole of their business by catalogue. They send out nearly eight thousand catalogues every month.

I also picked up in Charing Cross Road James T. Fields' "Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches," with unpublished fragments and tributes from men and women of letters (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882). Fields' book "Yesterday with Authors" is one of real value. But the biography is very thin and contains little that is interesting. There is, however, one paragraph worth noting in which Charles Kingsley says that if he had to choose one book for a desert island it would be "The Faerie Queen." No book, he said, carried him so completely out of himself. It is mentioned that a favourite verse of Fields was a quatrain quoted by Dr. Johnson, and said by him to have been written by an obscure poet, a clergyman by the name of Gifford:

"Verse sweetens care however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

The biographer adds: "The poem to which the quatrain was said to belong has never been discovered." But it has been discovered. It is from the poem "Contemplation," published in 1753 without the author's name. The author was the Rev. Richard Gifford, of Baliol College, Oxford. Johnson quotes the lines in his Dictionary under the word *wheel*, and it is said that Mr. Gifford mentioned with much satisfaction the fact that Johnson had honoured him. Dr. Birkbeck Hill gives another verse:

"Ev'n from the straw-roofed cot the note of joy
Flows full and frequent, as the village fair,
Whose little wants the busy hour employ,
Chanting some rural ditty soothes her care."

But my main objection to the biography is that it gives no account of the circumstances under which Fields abandoned publishing. We are told that he became very depressed, and then we read:

"TUESDAY, *November* 1, 1870.—We begin this month with different feelings from any I could have anticipated. . . . The weight of this great publishing house no longer rests where it has done. It is a cloud behind us. Mr. Fields is like a different man already."

Fields was one of the Miss Mitford people, and when I say this I shall be understood by many. Francis Bennoch was almost the chief of the circle that gathered round the authoress of "Our Village."

HENLEY, POET AND MORALIST.

By Francis Bickley.

WHEN William Ernest Henley died nearly five years ago, only fifty-four years of age, but old in the struggle with death, there was heard no voice of a nation's mourning, no sign that a splendid man and poet had passed to the shadows. Adored by his intimates, loved and admired by a few others, to the world without he was scarcely a name. Yet any one asked the constituents of great poetry would be likely to name just such qualities as are to be found abundantly in Henley's verses. In an age fed to satiety with literature of really an amazingly high level, it is only by repeated attacks that an author even so far above the average as was Henley can draw specific and serious attention on himself. A few books of verse, the two series of "Views and Reviews" and some brilliant editorial work are all the literary legacy given us by one of the most original men of his day. Now these—and the plays written with Stevenson and some uncollected essays—are being issued in a uniform and worthy edition.

Henley's prose writings serve a double purpose. In the first place interesting and original criticisms of letters and art in general, they form also a very illuminating commentary on his own verse. If any poetry seems clear and to stand in no need of annotation, it is Henley's. And yet one steeped in the æsthetic ideals of the last generation may do him an injustice. One who is accustomed to judge poets as artists for art's sake only, weavers of words and craftsmen of selected emotions, and tries to set Henley in the same category, will be offended by certain crudities in his work, violences of shape and colour.

But to read "Views and Reviews" is to perceive how one has misjudged the poet's intention. At first one is surprised by such opinions at this time of day. Conceptions such as "moral" and "appeals to the heart" besprinkle the pages with a frequency disconcerting to those who look upon such things as long discredited constituents of art. Henley's tastes in individual authors and their works amaze the superfine modernist. One would scarcely have suspected the author of "The Song of the Sword" of a warm sympathy with "The Song of the Shirt." If his admiration for Dickens be approved or allowed, his admiration for Disraeli will still seem extravagant. Carping at Meredithean subtlety, he reserves his special praises for "Rhoda Fleming," the book of all Mr. Meredith's in which the humanity is least overlaid with intellectuality, but certainly not a flawless piece of work like "Richard Feverel" or "The Egoist." Again, Henley's encomiums of Byron have their logical antithesis in his contempt for Browning (as poet), his conviction that Rossetti "failed in two several arts," and his utter inability to appreciate Congreve.

One re-reads the poems and realises that Henley is no æsthetic who "sits and broiders his dreams." Dream he may, but the dream is never an end in itself. "Think on the shame of dreams for deeds," he writes

Here is no exquisite poet of immaculate culture, but a rugged moralist to whom his message meant more than artistic form. He was preaching a gospel of sincere and strenuous doing. Artificiality in life or art he hated. That is why the flamboyance of Disraeli was dearer to him than the cautious cynicism of Thackeray, why he disliked Rossetti and all decadents and preferred frank sentimentality to neurotic emotion or manufactured passion.

Moralist he was, but no preacher of negative virtue. Life was to him a matter for affirmative living. The delicate eclecticism of Walter Pater, who would have us choose carefully among the mass of experiences that constitutes life, did not commend itself to Henley. Such a view would seem to him a sort of cowardice.

> "Shall we dare to shirk
> What we live to learn?"

The purpose of life was to him the knowledge of life, the reception in full consciousness of all experiences, good and evil, beauty and horror alike.

> "Life is worth living
> Through every grain of it,
> From the foundations
> To the last edge
> Of the cornerstone, death."

It was a cruel irony that made this strong man a cripple and an inmate of hospitals. To him action meant so much, as it did to Stevenson, who wanted to be building lighthouses as well as writing "David Balfour." Henley could not fight or discover new lands or build lighthouses or empires, so he did the next best thing, singing songs as inspiriting as the full brass of a great orchestra. "The Song of the Sword" should be shouted down the ages. Every one knows "Out of the Night," which evoked from Mr. Arthur Symons the critical gem that "such a song is the equivalent of a great deed." It was no narrow political prejudice that made him an Imperialist, but the splendid delight of battle, the will to power. It was the same spirit that gave Stevenson such joy of those old admirals "who courted war like a mistress" and has set men of a newer day—Kipling and Newbolt and Masefield—dancing on the grave of decadence. This worship of vitality and scorn of mere existence finds perfect expression in the little poem set as a prologue to "For England's Sake."

> "When the wind storms by with a shout, and the stern sea-caves
> Exult in the tramp and roar of onsetting waves,
> Then, then, it comes home to the heart that the top of life
> Is the passion that burns the blood in the act of strife—
> Till you pity the dead down there in their quiet graves.
>
> "But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog before,
> When the rain-rot spreads and a tame sea mumbles the shore,
> Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no wrong,
> Sons of the Sword heart-sick for a stave of your sire's old song—
> O you envy the blessed dead that can live no more!"

There is Henley's philosophy, his theory of life and of death.

"In Hospital" and "London Voluntaries" stand out, perhaps, as the two sections of his work wherein the poet is most individual, most unlike any one who went before him. Both express his supreme idea with a realism that is its logical result. The hospital poems have been called his best work. Certainly no one else has made, or could make, such poetry out of operations and grisly accidents. The painfully physical life of the hospital could only be rendered in terms of art by a genius such as Henley's. But wonderful work as we have here, it lacks, slightly indeed and of necessity, the buoyancy which is one of the poet's most characteristic virtues, that "sense of life at its highest," as poetry has been well called. Not till the last of the series—"Discharged"—do we hear the normal Henley.

It is in full accord both with his modernity and with his will to live that Henley should have written "London Voluntaries." Perfectly to interpret the city under various skies, as he has done, is to know London (one of the select things really worth knowing) and to be a great artist. To quote is useless, for each poem is as indivisible as atmosphere or as music, and here would seem to be the unity after which Mallarmé strove without the blur of feature that Mallarmé's method entailed. One cannot do better than give the words of Mr. Symons, who has plumbed with such precision and subtlety the suggestion and artistic possibilities of urban things:

> "In 'London Voluntaries,' for instance, what sense of the poetry of cities, that rarer than pastoral poetry, the romance of streets, if we have but the vision and the point of view! Here, at last, is a poet who can so enlarge the limits of his verse as to take in London. And I think that might be the test of poetry which professes to be modern: its capacity for dealing with London, with what one sees or might see there, indoors and out."

The idea of the fulfilment of a great passion as an essential of life runs through Henley's poems, and inspired some of the best. There is that merciless satire, "As like the Woman as you can"; and again, "Some starlit garden grey with dew," "Between the dusk of a summer night," "It came with the threat of a waning moon," and many more: all the joyous assertion of the divinity of the flesh, all variations on the theme of

> "For the strife of Love's the abysmal strife,
> And the word of Love is the Word of Life.
>
> "And they that go with the Word unsaid,
> Though they seem of the living, are damned and dead."

Sir Leslie Stephen, when he discovered Henley in the Edinburgh Infirmary, spoke of him as a young man who wrote Swinburnian verse. This was scarcely a final criticism, but the adjective is suggestive. Mr. Swinburne was the first for many generations to write of the less ethereal side of love without sentimentality or the desire to point a moral. It is just there that the poets are comparable. Both expressed their idea by symbols. (The nomenclature which reserves the label of symbolism for a particular brand of decadence is misleading: all true art is symbolism.) Henley's verses, however, have more the colour of actuality than the gorgeous tones of "Poems and Ballads." They carry realism, indeed, as far as it will go in poetry. For it is one of the limitations of metric or rhythmic utterance that it shall not have the naked realism possible in prose; so that even Henley's hansoms and rotting barges have some of the glamour of romance.

And in the frank dealing with the facts of passion the decadent school of poetry is on common ground with the author of "Rhymes and Rhythms." But there is a difference. In both there is something of the same melancholy, the sense of futility and impotence and vanity, of desires and hopes not to be fulfilled, of youth that passes and age that chills. The decadent finds an end in this sadness itself. He is tender of his desolated desires, weaving the broken threads into his delicate tapestry. With Henley the end of all sensation was experience, and he could not console himself with the abstract and the imagined. The end of a passion was its fulfilment, and at frustration he clenched angry fists against fate. For him it was no faded rose to fondle, but

> "A regret
> So grinding, so immitigably sad,
> Remorse thereby feels tolerant, even glad."

That truth could be bitter was no excuse for deserting her to pursue a butterfly fancy. The ungirt loin and the lamp unlit were the deadly sins in his code of morality.

With no Tennysonian or Swinburnian perfection of technique, Henley's verses show at their best a wonderful unison of spirit and form. Perhaps his rhymed poems are on the whole more balanced and artistically right, certainly they are more pleasing to the ear and haunting in the memory; but that irregular, unrhymed verse which he called "rhythm" was suited to his genius in a peculiar degree,—more suited to his genius than to Arnold's. That old viking who assuredly has a place somewhere among Henley's ancestors might well have rushed into battle to the sound of "The Song of the Sword." The poet never wrote better than in "The Spirit of Wine" or "A Desolate Shore"; but he never wrote worse than in "The Song of Speed,"—that epitomised caricature of his own finest work.

There is a certain absurdity in the chance or choice that led the wielder of this ferocious weapon to experiment with the artificial metres of France, to set his very Penthesilea among muses tripping and mincing beside Mr. Austin Dobson's dainty lady. Henley had too much to say to spend his time seeking for monotony of verse endings. Good as some of his rondeaux are, they rarely seem quite to fit the intricate frame in which they are set. Nor are they ever so good as his lighter poems in less restrained measures, like "Gulls in an aëry morrice" or "The nightingale has a lyre of gold."

It is no use trying to relieve posterity of the task of settling Henley's place among the immortals. It is at least probable that posterity will remember him, though many writers more talked of in their day shall be forgotten.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six best quotations from modern English verse describing the fascination of London.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best six quotations from modern English prose or verse bearing on the theme, "Whom the gods love die young."

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been gained by Miss M. H. CONGDON WHITE, 39, Manningham Lane, Bradford.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY. EDITED BY H. F. HELMOLT.
THE WORLD'S PEOPLES. BY A. H. KEANE.
THE WORLD'S BIRDS. BY F. FINN.

"The world is too much with us."
WORDSWORTH.

Other quotations submitted were:

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD. BY H. G. WELLS.

"Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells."

(M. C. JOBSON, 19, Kent Road, Harrogate.)

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF AUSTRALIAN BUTTERFLIES. BY W. J. RAINBOW.

"Some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live."
MILTON.

(MRS. MEADOWS, Norton-in-Hales, Market Drayton.)

LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER. BY F. J. RANDALL.

"Love laughs at locksmiths."
SHAKESPEARE.

(MISS M. BROATCH, Allison House, Keswick.)

A PROPOSAL FOR A SIMPLIFIED CALENDAR. BY ALEX. PHILIP.

"Snowy, flowy, blowy,
Showery, flowery, bowery,
Hoppy, croppy, droppy,
Breezy, sneezy, freezy."
GEO. ELLIS.

(MRS. LESLIE, Eddleston, N.B.)

KEYS TO THE DROOD MYSTERY. BY EDWIN CHARLES.

"He thought he saw a garden-door
That opened with a key:
'And all its mystery,' he said,
'Is clear as day to me.'"
LEWIS CARROLL.

(MRS. SIMS, 3, Roughdown, Boxmoor.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for a list of six epigrams from George Meredith has been gained by L. A. WILKS, 15, Avenue Victoria, Scarborough.

1. "One duel on behalf of a woman is a reputation to her for life; two are a notoriety."—*Rhoda Fleming*, p. 38 (Edition 1889, Chapman & Hall).
2. "Convictions are generally first impressions that are sealed with later prejudices."—*Beauchamp's Career*, p. 145 (Edition 1902, Constable).
3. "Incidents in a drawing-room are prize shots at dulness."—*Diana of the Crossways*, p. 125 (6d. Edition, Constable).
4. "Leaders of men have always notoriously been above the honours of grammar."—*Evan Harrington*, p. 145 (2s. 6d. 1904, Constable).
5. "A woman who has mastered sauces sits on the apex of civilisation."—*Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, p. 319 (Chapman & Hall, 1889).
6. "Feudalism is not an objectionable thing if you can be sure of the lord."—*The Egoist*, p. 80 (Chapman & Hall).

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best six examples of Dickens's humour has been gained by E. FORREST, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool S.

"'It only shows what Natur is, sir,' said Mr. Squeers. 'She's a rum 'un, is Natur.'

"'She is a holy thing, sir,' remarked Snawley.

"'I believe you,' added Mr. Squeers, with a moral sigh. 'I should like to know how we should get on without her. Natur,' said Mr. Squeers solemnly, 'is more easier conceived than described. Oh, what a blessed thing, sir, to be in a state of Natur!'"—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

"'If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a-marryin' anybody—no matter who—just you shut yourself up in your room, if you've got one, and pison yourself offhand. Hangin's wulgar, so don't you have nothin' to say to that. Pison yourself, Samivel, my boy, pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards.'"—*Pickwick Papers*.

"'He wos a clerk in a gov'ment office, sir.'

"'Was he?' said Mr. Pickwick.

"'Yes, he wos, sir,' rejoined Mr. Weller; 'and a wery pleasant gen'l'm'n too—one o' the percise and tidy sort, as puts their feet in little India-rubber fire-buckets ven it's vet veather, and never has no other bosom friends but hare-skins; he saved up his money on principle, vore a clean shirt ev'ry day on principle, never spoke to none o' his relations on principle, 'fear they shou'd want to borrow money of him; and wos altogether, in fact, an uncommon agreeable character."—*Pickwick Papers*.

"'"Except of me, Mary my dear, as your walentine, and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary, I will now conclude." That's all,' said Sam.

"'That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?' inquired Mr. Weller.

"'Not a bit on it,' said Sam; 'she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'.'"—*Pickwick Papers*.

"The Captain immediately drew Walter into a corner, and with a great effort, that made his face very red, pulled up the silver watch, which was so big, and so tight in his pocket, that it came out like a bung.

"'Wal'r,' said the Captain, handing it over, and shaking him heartily by the hand, 'a parting gift, my lad. Put it back half-an-hour every morning, and about another quarter towards the arternoon, and it's a watch that'll do you credit."
Dombey & Son.

"'Vait a minit, Sammy; ven you grow as old as your father, you von't get into your veskit quite so easy as you do now, my boy.'

"'If I couldn't get into it easier than that, I'm blessed if I'd vear vun at all,' rejoined his son.

"'You think so now,' said Mr. Weller, with the gravity of age, 'but you'll find that as you get vider you'll get viser. Vidth and visdom, Sammy, always goes together.'"
Pickwick Papers.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to MISS MARY RUTHERFOORD, 35, Osborn Place, Aberdeen, and MISS MAJOR, 13, Oakhill Court, Putney.

New Books.

MR. CHESTERTON'S ALLEGORY OF ANARCHISM.*

There are many ways of preaching a lay sermon; and it would be strange if Mr. Chesterton did not take his own. For he combines gifts which are seldom found together. With rare insight he has detected the glory of the commonplace; he is certain that genius and the ordinary man agree in their judgment about life, death, marriage, morals, and all the things that signify. Therefore he despises in good-humoured fashion the crank, the law-breaker, the "immoralist"—senseless persons who strike an attitude because they can do nothing else. But while cleaving to the old, he arrays it in new garments of a most surprising cut and lively colours. Why should paradox be always enlisted on the wrong side? Who has a better right to laugh than the man that believes in plain and saving Realism? Laugh, accordingly, in the very thick of a struggle to defend the Highest Law, our philosopher does, yet not without grimness, for the smoke of the nether deeps circles around him. The echo of that laugh reminds us in its peculiar accent, at once grave and gay, of Robert Louis Stevenson. And, on the whole, it is Stevenson's creed that is set before us, healthy, brave, rather high-strung, tender at last with a pity that hides itself in schoolboy fun and frolic.

But all do not construe allegory when they see it; a nightmare is an uncanny sort of vision, and the crowd may not understand. "The Man who was Thursday" begins like any other Anarchist make-up; singularly resembling "The Angel of the Revolution," but ironical, whereas that was no more playful than a thrust with a dagger. We get the thrill and the shock and are led cleverly astray. The "special constables of order"—a conception worthy of Sir Conan Doyle—put us on the *qui vive*; but for a time bewilder us, as they ought in so good a story. Their purpose—and here Mr. Chesterton means what he says—is to keep watch and ward against the most deadly kind of Anarchism. "Yes," exclaims the "Man who was Thursday," "the modern world has retained all those parts of police-work which are really oppressive and ignominious, the harrying of the poor, the spying upon the unfortunate. It has given up the more dignified work, the punishment of powerful traitors in the State and powerful heresiarchs in the Church. The moderns say we must not punish heretics. My only doubt is whether we have a right to punish anybody else."

How few will take this as seriously intended! The *blasé* reader will smile and rush on, gaping to know what becomes of Syme, the gentleman-detective, who has ventured his life by joining the supreme Anarchist Council, and is bound in honour to fight without help of Scotland Yard. Such racing and chasing ensue that we are caught up in the whirlwind of it, yet always with a point of horror, strongly Stevensonian, perhaps overdone. There are crowds of dark lines in this spectrum, showing finally as burlesque, but leaving an unpleasant trail behind. No doubt, if you want to throw on canvas the "City of Dreadful Night"—which is the true name for modern unbelief and disorder—you must deepen your sable tints; only our nerves cannot well endure them. These insane eccentricities which we reject have weakened us all; a healthier generation will look back on our age of decadence with wonder and no slight contempt. But, anyhow, even by borrowing its own weapons, Mr. Chesterton strikes at the monstrous phantom which is always denying "the decencies and charities of Christendom," and he strikes hard.

In this mixture of the picturesque and the horrible there is something Japanese. We may remember among the sketches of Hokusai certain huge apparitions like the enigmatic President, "Sunday," or combats of weird beings, præter-human and terrifying, over whom the artist flings a ray of sunshine that adds to their strangeness. At length our nightmare, which we have pursued through thick and thin, tumbles into absolute farce. The undergraduate humour of Syme breaks all bounds; and we feel hurt as we join in that mad chase after "Sunday" across London, where he plays the fool as he drives on. With sudden violence we are carried out of this harlequinade into a drop-scene, parable or what you will, and the philosophy of the book discloses itself. It is the old true Gospel of peace purchased by war, of valour standing up to be slain for its plighted word, of faith against appearances, of redemption through self-sacrifice. Was the message ever brought in a more unconventional garb? At all events, it is the genuine thing, as well as a challenge to the "science" that "announces nonentity," and the art that "admires decay." Beyond all question our intellectual anarchists proclaim a doctrine of suicide which the young, the ardent, the weaker sort, have acted upon or will act upon. To show us its meaning, with a hearty laugh at its extreme folly, may do the rest of us good. We wake from this nightmare into a world of sanity, and face the dawn with hope.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "The Man who was Thursday. A Nightmare." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

MR. LUCY'S REMINISCENCES.*

"On anything relating to Parliament Mr. Lucy speaks as an expert. There is, perhaps, no man living who has had so constant and so close observation of Parliamentary life in its many aspects."

These are true words of Lord Rosebery's. Few will be so misguided as to dispute them. Mr. Lucy is an expert witness on Parliamentary men and manners. Moreover, he gives his evidence as an expert witness—that is to say, with the self-confidence born of knowledge, and that impartiality which is the outcome of a scientific love of truth. Putting his object under a microscope if he be a private member, or gazing at him through a telescope if he be a mighty leader, he discourses on his points with the assurance of the infallible observer, the wisdom of the chartered anatomist.

The only objection one can offer to Lord Rosebery's unsolicited testimonial is that it seems out of place on the title-page of this volume, with Mr. Lucy's portrait directly opposite—Mr. Lucy to the life, a smile as of conscious virtue in his eyes, a blush as of becoming modesty mantling his cheek.

The volume which thus dawns upon the reader proves to be full of Mr. Lucy's own peculiar refulgence. At sundry times and in divers places we have become familiar with much of it. Some of the stories with which the routine of Parliamentary experience is lightened are as old as Westminster Hall. We grow a trifle weary even of Lord Randolph Churchill's forgetfulness of Goschen. On the ground that familiarity breeds contempt we could have begged to be excused the suggestion by Mr. Beresford Hope that Gladstone should be called in to "explain away" an unwanted wife. These and other reminders that there is nothing new under the sun might well have been spared. Yet Mr. Lucy retails chestnuts with such an air that they take on the bloom of plums; his authority bids us ignore the obviously nutty flavour.

Another habit of our author is less seductive. While

* "Memories of Eight Parliaments. Part I.—Men. Part II.—Manners." By Henry W. Lucy. 8s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

his treatment of the telescopic objects is fair enough—the impartiality of his political view has been already celebrated—he shows himself less than kind to the microscopic objects. The gentleman who "laid himself out to harry Gladstone," and "was rewarded by a comfortable salaried office" in the Antipodes, may have been aggravating—his pocket-handkerchief, as Mr. Lucy describes it, must have been very trying to observers of artistic taste; but why, after the lapse of from ten to twenty Lethean years, come down upon him with the sentence: "This was the sort of Bœotian who played at will upon the sensitive organisation of the Prime Minister"? Where, again, is charity or courtesy in the reference to the "native mediocrity made prominent by a certain pomposity of manner familiar in Chairmen of Quarter Sessions" of an inoffensive member of the Commons since translated into a highly respectable peer of the realm? If Mr. Lucy were under cross-examination his occasional acerbity might be pardonable, but he is an expert witness giving evidence in chief. Surely he might without derogation of dignity have extended his impartial benignity over the microscopic as well as the telescopic objects.

These lapses are the stranger because Mr. Lucy is shrewd to notice a similar defect in Lord Salisbury. Of Lord Salisbury he says:

"He was not careful to hide the dislike and contempt he had for mobs of all kinds, not excluding the House of Commons. During his long life he fought all proposals designed to increase the power of the masses. The arbitrary spirit of the statesman of the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth was in his blood, and it came out in his words and acts. If he did not like a man he did not hesitate to say exactly what he thought of him. This tendency occasionally led him into what came to be known as 'blazing indiscretions' of speech. Such an one was the likening of Irishmen to Hottentots, and the suggestion that they should be governed on the same general principles. Another was his allusion to a harmless native of India who succeeded in winning a seat at the election of 1895. He jeered at him as "the black man," a distinction shrewdly seized by the member in question, who lost no subsequent opportunity of appealing to popular sympathy as 'Lord Salisbury's black man.'"

Prolonged imprisonment in the Press Gallery and Lobby appears to have acted on the blood of Mr. Lucy as the arbitrary spirit of the statesman of the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth acted on the blood of Lord Salisbury. As Lord Salisbury (according to Mr. Lucy) loved to flout the Commons wholesale, so Mr. Lucy inclines to flout both Lords and Commons in the persons of their minor members. It is not that he "loves a lord"—by no means!—but he is possessed by a noble admiration for a big man. While he applauds Lord Hugh Cecil, he refers to the present Lord Salisbury as "his brother"—that is, Lord Hugh's brother. Which one is forced to believe is intended for sarcasm. The great Lord Salisbury also was sarcastic. The parallel is therefore complete—at least, sufficiently so to make us wonder at Mr. Lucy.

The book is divided into two parts, the first and more interesting dealing with Men, the other with Manners. The method enables Mr. Lucy to exhibit the extent and particularity of his Parliamentary knowledge. Gaily he chatters of Prime Ministers he has known—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour—of Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. John Morley, Lord Courtney, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Hugh Cecil and his ——, etc. Then he goes on to discourse of the Drama at Westminster, its first nights, humour, Irish comedians, obstruction, and rows, its manners, its domestic arrangements, and ever so many other things. He will describe to you Mr. Gladstone, and can remember the percentage of bacteria discovered by scientific investigation to frequent the Lower House. From bacteria he will travel to bulls, Irish bulls, and display a fine inability to forget that Mr. Chamberlain once called a member a cad. In short, his memory is excellent.

To convey any idea of all this wealth is impossible. To supply a sample is difficult. If a sample be required, it may be supplied of the best quality from the chapter on Mr. Gladstone. The picture of Mr. Gladstone as Leader is excellent. Behold him stung by the gibes of Lord Randolph Churchill!—

"The famous pomatum pot, which played a prominent part on these occasions, had an exceedingly bad time. Gladstone's eye falling upon it as he fiercely gyrated, he seized it with sudden gesture, brought it to his lips with swift movement, and devoured a portion of its contents as if, instead of being an innocent compound of egg and wine, it were concentrated essence of Lord Randolph Churchill conveniently prepared with a view to his final disappearance from the scene."

THOMAS LLOYD.

"COME AND FIND ME."*

The fascination of the Arctic regions is one of the two motives which control the lives of the chief actors in this remarkable and most attractive novel. The other is the passion for gold in Nome, another Klondyke district of the far North. Miss Robins has interwoven both skilfully, but although it is the former which gives the book its title, it is the gold-fever which really occupies the foreground. The unexplored North, luring men from all parts of Europe to penetrate its secret, draws Jack Galbraith, a cultured young American, away from the two girls who love him, until one of them, Hildegarde, discovers him at last dying in a far Northern hut. But Hildegarde has not gone North from Missouri to find Galbraith. Her errand was to bring back her father from Nome, where he had been tricked out of a rich gold-mine. The story of Nathaniel Mar's pathetic belief in this gold-deposit forms the pivot of the whole novel. In his early youth he had, during a land-survey, discovered gold-ore accidentally, but a change of profession and the cares of marriage prevented him from ever returning to verify his find, nor could he manage to persuade any one to believe his tale. He seemed to them a romantic dreamer. Even his family refused to credit him. His boys grew up, partly owing to their mother's influence, to regard him as a fanciful enthusiast, whose illusions merited no more than a quiet tolerance or pity, and it was not until his dismissal from his post as cashier of a bank set him free to seek out Nome for himself, that any chance of securing the gold occurred. Even then he is outwitted, and apparently thrown adrift to die in exile. Hildegarde, his daughter, believes in him, however, and heroically braves the terrors of a passage in a gold-digger's tramp steamer to look after him. Her lover, Cheviot, follows her, and, after long alienation, due to her hot spirit and her girl's passion for Galbraith, manages to win her heart, while her school-friend, Bella Wayne, a pretty little blonde, has to share the tragedy of Galbraith's career.

Miss Robins has put into her story the same realistic grip and passion which made "The Magnetic North" so notable a novel. The account of the life on board the steamer is particularly vivid. The mixture of lawlessness and chivalry and gross selfishness in the gold-hunters could hardly be more graphically drawn. But the earlier, domestic part of the book is even finer as a study in character. Mrs. Mar, the hustling, bustling, unsympathetic wife, steps right out of the picture. She is not a figure in a story. She lives. "Mrs. Mar presented the stirring spectacle of a person who was always 'getting something done,' and commonly getting a number of things done at once. If it was only while the plates were being changed, she would pull out of the yellow bag suspended at her belt, a postcard, and with an inch length of pencil would briskly write an order to some tradesman, or she would jump up to straighten a picture or set the clock on three minutes, or 'catch any odd job on the fly,' as Trevor used disrespectfully to say in private." Then she would educate her daughter by reading aloud some foreign classic to

* "Come and Find Me." By Elizabeth Robins. 6s. (Heinemann.)

her, as they sewed or knitted. But the reading was unique. "For if she macerated descriptive bits with a chin-chopper despatch, to get them out of the way . . . she did far deadlier things to scenes of sentiment or passion. These she approached with a sturdy determination not to give in to their nonsense, to make them at all events *sound* like sanity by sheer force of her own impregnable common sense—a force so little to be withstood, that it could purge the most poetic page ever written. It made even Victor Hugo sound as reasonable as the washing list." Mrs. Mar and the Blumpitty family are altogether delicious; their unconscious humour sets off the pathos and sore tragedy of the book. And it is in the crisp interaction of the leading characters, especially Hildegarde on the one hand and her girl friend, her lover and her father on the other, that Miss Robins has scored her best points. The conclusion is rather huddled up and even chaotic. Jack Galbraith's death is dragged in inartistically; he never becomes prominent enough to be interesting, which most readers of the opening scenes will regret. But what small trifles these are, compared to the freshness and brilliant vitality which pervade the tale! Miss Robins knows how to set emotional interests against a weird background of larger passions and cosmic forces. Her latest novel is a conspicuous example of original power in creating strong situations, and of deft insight into character. It has the arresting, engrossing note of a true story, and few readers will lay it down, for all its length, without a sense of genuine reluctance.

James Moffatt.

GOOD SMALL BEER.*

On the title-page the writer of this book elects merely to be known as "The Authoress of 'Old Days in Diplomacy,'" but why she should not put her name there is not very clear, for on the next page is a note signed by her C. A. A. Disbrowe, and nowhere in the book is any attempt made to preserve her anonymity. Indeed, the volume is made up largely of the correspondence of the Disbrowe—or, as it was often called in Georgian days, Desbrowe—family; and there are many letters addressed by royal personages to the grandfather of "The Authoress of 'Old Days in Diplomacy,'" that Colonel Disbrowe, Vice-Chamberlain of Queen Charlotte, who lives in history by a witty remark made about his very plain mistress's looks in her later days: "Yes, I do believe the bloom of the ugliness is going off!"

There is much that is interesting in this book, which, though it treats of days when there was much a-doing, deals mainly with the small beer of life; and it is a pity that the editor, Miss (?) M. Montgomery-Campbell, did not use her blue pencil with greater freedom. We may be very anxious to learn all that is to be known about the personages of the period, and yet regret that space should be wasted upon such letters as the following from George III. to Colonel Disbrowe:

"The illness of Major Disbrowe not having given the King an opportunity of paying him the last quarter, and as the Major's journey to Bath will prevent his being there at Christmas, the two quarters are being forwarded to him with hopes that the Waters may prove efficacious."

"I received with infinite satisfaction your Dutiful and Affectionate Congratulations on this [Birth ?] Day, as also on the re-establishment of Peace. The Prosperity of my Dominions has always been the warmest wish of my Heart, and I look on the preservation of our excellent Constitution, both in Church and State, as essential to that great object."

Nothing could be more laudable than "Farmer George's" sentiments; but it is scarcely worth while to reprint the note a hundred years after it was written.

These "Records of Stirring Times" throw many interesting side-lights on the court of George III. and Queen Charlotte, but the reader will feel that if "Peter Pindar" described it with humorous malice, it is here depicted with the most correct propriety. Never were people so kind as their Majesties, nor folk so considerate as the royal dukes, who, cruel fate! somehow or other are not remembered for their thoughtfulness and good hearts so much as for other qualities. Miss Burney may well have been prejudiced when, day by day, she made her entries in the famous journal which as much, if not more than any other book, has settled our conceptions of this royal family. Every one remembers the passage in her letter that with humorous exaggeration describes the etiquette at court: "In the first place you must not cough. . . . In the second place you must not sneeze. . . . In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir hand or foot," and so on; yet Miss Burney writing in fun never conceived anything so amusing as the "Directions relative to a Message of Form," copied into these "Records" from Colonel Disbrowe's memoranda:

Queen Charlotte.
From "Records of Stirring Times." (Heinemann.)

"Every Duchess Marchioness, and Countess, not only of Great Brittain, but also of Ireland, are entitled to a message from the Queen on their Lying Inn or on the death of any relative for whose loss they put on black gloves; if any Peeress of the above-mentioned rank (unless she is such in her own right) marries a commoner or a Peer of inferior degree she loses her pretentions to the Royal Message. . . . In case the Lady (in a situation to be sent to) should not be in Town, Her Majesty sends no message. The stated times for going with the message are, on the Death of a Husband at the end of six weeks, in that of any other relation as soon as the Funeral is over, and on Lying in at the expiration of *three weeks*."

Having thus cleared the ground by stating who shall and shall not receive a "Message of Form," Colonel Disbrowe—to whom we must therefor ever be grateful—had proceeded to write down the full particulars of "The Ceremony":

"The Day preceding the time appointed by Her Majesty's Lord Chamberlain for the message, a gentleman usher to whom the office of carrying it belongs, is to write a note to the Lady and

* "Records of Stirring Times." By the Author of "Old Days in Diplomacy." 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

seal it, signifying his wish to know at what hour on the evening of the next Day, she will be ready to receive a message from Her Majesty, at the time fixed he is to go on Her Majesty's leading coach, attended by one of Her Majesty's Footmen" [we trust it was not the Vice-Chamberlain's deliberate purpose to give the Footmen a capital initial letter, and the gentleman usher a small one], "at the Door of the House he is to be met by a Gentleman out of Livery, to be lighted up stairs by Him to the Lady's apartment, where a Chair is to be placed ready for him at the head of the room, on which he is to sit down immediately, claiming a right to do so without being asked, and to deliver Her Majesty's message."

We cannot refrain from observing the course of the visit. The gentleman usher, after all this, merely says: "I am commanded by the Queen to wait on your Grace [or Ladyship, as the case might be] with her compliments of congratulation [or condolence], and if Her Majesty knew what time would be agreeable she would come to see you on this occasion." "The Lady Lying Inn" must receive the message alone or at least with not more than one or two female companions, we learn, and after she had made suitable reply, her nurse is to present cake and caudle; though, if the occasion is not that of *accouchement*, tea only is offered; but, whether it is life or death, Her Majesty's Footmen are to have cake and caudle, or cake and wine, in the steward's room, and the same refreshment is to be carried out to the coachman! It will be observed that the recipient of the Message must have a Gentleman out of Livery and a Steward; and, since Colonel Disbrowe makes no allowance for the absence of these upper servants, presumedly all peeresses of that day were women of considerable means. But it is a pity that this document was not printed when Thackeray was alive!

This is but one, though the best, good thing in these "Records," which treat not only of home but also of foreign affairs, and introduce, often in informal fashions, men and women one is always pleased to meet.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

TWO DISILLUSIONMENTS.*

Of two books fresh from the press one records a remarkable instance of the attraction of a man of genius towards a woman, followed by speedy repulsion; the other records the pathetic story of the love of a woman of genius, or if not of genius, of high talent, for a man unworthy of her. The infatuation of Shelley for Eliza Hitchener was purely intellectual, but the love of Mary Wollstonecraft for the worthless Gilbert Imlay was an all-absorbing passion that brought her some rapture and much sorrow.

The matter contained in these books is not entirely new, but we are glad to have them in accessible form. Mary Wollstonecraft's letters have been twice printed before, but in the convenient edition now issued with the sympathetic memoir supplied by Mr. Roger Ingpen, they are certain to be more widely read. The heroine of the unhappy story appears to have met Gilbert Imlay in March, 1793. He had served in the American Revolution army as a captain, had written a couple of books, and was eager in the pursuit of business for the purpose of making money. She had imbibed with other revolutionary doctrines a dislike of "matrimonial engagements," and Imlay regarded them as "a sacrilege." This belief did not make him capable of fidelity to the woman who had dared to give up all for him. Their "free union" was not of long duration, and on his part was varied by more than one facile connection. Mary's letters show that at an early period uncomfortable doubts intruded in spite of her warm affection for the man. "The way to my senses," she tells him, "is through my heart; but, forgive me! I think there is sometimes a shorter cut to yours." All through these pathetic letters there palpitates the woman's desire for a home, for the love of husband and child. "*Be not too anxious to get money!*" she warns him, "*for nothing worth having is to be purchased.*"

Her overflowing affection was in vain; neither Mary nor her child could secure the unstable Gilbert Imlay, who seems to have been, with many fine professions and "refined" sentimentality, a selfish creature, who sought only his own aims and pleasures, without the slightest consideration for those who might have to suffer for his whims and inconsistencies. Many of these letters were written in Paris whilst France was in the throes of the Revolution, and it is remarkable how few and scanty are the references to the volcanic upheavals even in such a time of anarchy. The daily business of life went forward and there was "marrying and giving in marriage" under the very shadow of the guillotine. One of the few allusions is on page 45, where Mary Wollstonecraft shrewdly remarks, in relation to some alleged mistresses of Robespierre: "Should it prove so, I suspect that they rather flattered his vanity than his senses." In the then somewhat uncertain state of the marriage law a curious question might possibly have arisen as to the validity of her union with Godwin. It is certain that there was no marriage ceremony with Imlay, yet Mary Wollstonecraft was claimed by the American Ambassador at Paris as the wife of a citizen of the United States, and, later, Imlay, in empowering her to act as his representative in Sweden, expressly declares her to be his "wife." Of his life after his break with Mary Wollstonecraft nothing is known. He simply disappeared and left no trace, so that the place and time of his death are alike uncertain.

This stormy period of passionate raptures, of sordid disillusion, and of the anguish of finding that all her wealth of affection had been lavished upon a selfish sensualist incapable of appreciating either her character or her abilities, lasted less than three years, and then, "friendship melting into love," she found for the short remainder of her life some tranquillity, if not happiness, as the companion of William Godwin, who strikes one as an incarnate iceberg in his prime, and as a contemptible creature in his later intercourse with his son-in-law, Shelley.

From the point of view of the literary historian, the Hitchener volume is more important than the other. True, the letters have been used by Prof. Dowden in his Life of Shelley, and an edition, restricted to thirty copies, was printed by Mr. T. J. Wise, whose wonderful collections have aided so many studies, but it is very satisfactory to have the full text made available for general use, with the advantage of an excellent introduction by Mr. Bertram Dobell. The fascination which Eliza Hitchener exercised on the young poet is not difficult to understand. She was a handsome woman of twenty-nine; he was a youth of nineteen, who had imbibed unconventional heresies that caused him to be looked upon with horror by the average members of the society around him; women of narrow and uncultivated intellects, and men, some of whom managed to combine the respectability of orthodoxy with sordid and often profligate lives. When Shelley suddenly found a woman of education who had thought seriously on the great subjects that engrossed his attention, and who, if she had not in all things the same views, had at all events the same sympathies, it must have been like the opening of the gate of Paradise. His imagination played around the unexpected apparition that had come within his horizon, and he clothed her with all the gifts and graces. With the aid of this "sister of his soul" he would wage successful war on the entire army of superstition. The experiment of having her in the same house with his wife and his sister-in-law was foredoomed to failure. Harriet Shelley seems to have entered into the scheme willingly; Percy was most anxious for its success. But Eliza Hitchener at twenty-nine should have known better than Harriet at sixteen, or even Percy at nineteen. The disenchantment was speedy, and in

* "Letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener." Now first published, with an Introduction and Notes. 5s. net. (Bertram Dobell.)—"The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay." With a Prefatory Memoir by Roger Ingpen. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson & Co.)

a few months the beloved "sister-soul" had become the "brown demon" of Shelley's special aversion.

Apart from their value as psychological documents, Shelley's letters to Eliza Hitchener supply very important biographical data as to his doings both in Ireland and in Wales. Generally he is confident of success, but he has to acknowledge the failure of his political efforts in Dublin. As a practical reformer, Shelley's chief defect was that of being too far in advance of his age. Some of his suggestions are still under the "consideration" of the slow-moving English mind. His "atheism" is seen to be pantheism. Shelley writes to Eliza, "Southey says I am not an atheist, but a pantheist," and there is no doubt that Southey was right. There are very few references to books in Shelley's letters. He was a great admirer of Southey's "Curse of Kehama" — a poem which has fallen into a neglect that I, for one, think unmerited. Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick" is also mentioned, and Parkinson's "Organic Remains of a Former World" shows that the poet's attention had been attracted to geology. "Flower's book" may be one of the pamphlets of the well-known reformer Benjamin Flower, or possibly his "Review," of which eleven volumes appeared. Shelley was still in the apprentice stage of literature, and is seen making plans, some of them on a magnificent scale. No English writer of the first rank ever developed so rapidly. The early work is so crude that it seems almost impossible to regard it as the product of the same hand that wrought the noble verse that has made Shelley one of the immortals.

Mary Wollstonecraft.

From "The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay." (Hutchinson.)

The present age has no monopoly of the neurotics who seek in suicide relief from distress. Mary Wollstonecraft once, probably more than once, attempted to kill herself. Her daughter, Fanny Imlay, was a suicide. Harriet Shelley—poor girl-wife—ended her life by drowning. How the "brown demon" fared in her later life we do not know. She vanishes from the scene and "leaves not a wrack behind." Truth is stranger than fiction, for if these two books about Shelley and about Mary Wollstonecraft were novels, they would be incredible.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

APOCRYPHAL APOCALYPSES.*

I am sorry that for the moment I cannot think of a more sesquipedalian title to do honour to the subject. The good Socialist detests the gaunt brevity—and the naked truth—of plain English, so to ears more or less polite they call theft "nationalisation," fraud "administrative municipalisation," and lies "generalisations" or "terminological inexactitudes." It is a Christian privilege indeed to hear him intoning these mystic phrases in his rival temples—whether Ebenezer, or the Blue Pig, or the House of the Commonest of Commons. However, my heading is at least Socialistic enough in that it is alliterative, and that I have not the remotest idea what it means—so let it pass.

Not long ago a catch-halfpenny journal, ever apt at scenting out a "felt want," found that the puzzled public wanted badly to know what on earth this precious Socialism which they were hearing and believing and voting for really was. So it invited the high priests of the cult to kindly explain. A very few days' exposition was enough for the readers; the editor promptly closed the show, and the more than ever puzzled public sank back again for the hundredth time into complacent ignorance, and went on voting devoutly until the next serious dearth of murders and divorces again brings up the problem—and so *ad infinitum*. Yet from behind the murky cloud of witnesses slanted these few rays of light: (1) The "secret" of Socialism—the fundamental dogma and principle on which, and on which *alone*, all its adepts are agreed, is enshrined in this profound yet simple maxim, "Never use a short word if a long one will do — remember, syllables before sense!"

(2) Socialism, then, is polysyllabism—no closer definition do its votaries permit. For this Socialism which poses and is accepted by the British public as a definite theory, a tangible system, a religion with fixed and immutable creed, is really nothing of the kind. It is a jumble of inconsistencies, a chaos of conflicting and even of mutually destructive doctrines. The polysyllabic incomprehensibilities, lisped at Fulham, bellowed in the parks, or muttered in Wormwood Scrubs, alone afford it a corporate name and existence. So many, many sects and schools are there: the sentimental, the hysterical, the dour and incorruptible, the *vieille roche* of '89, the *solidaire* of '48, the humanitarian and the cut-throat, the money-or-your-life, and the begging letter-confidence trick schools, the bombastical and the bombistical—with a hundred more. Well, perhaps you are old enough to remember those dismal "happy families" in the big cages which were shown about the streets—the Socialist cat and mice, the rats and terrier, the rabbit and the rest. What a harmonious family circle!—all guaranteed by the wires—the multisyllables and tall-talk. "*And* by the showman and his whip," you say. True! but no more o' that! For the happy familists never elected the showman. He is irresponsible authority; in short the *policeman*—at once the dread and the safeguard even of Socialists, past, present and future. Socialism, then, is not a system but a gyroscope.

(3) And its hierophants are chameleons. They change their colours to suit their environment. Some of the writers, mostly the extremists, were evidently sincere, and fervent believers, but all, I fear, were more or less disingenuous. Probably not one but approves and admires the confidence trick. And here for the first time I have to protest. They mean something less and a great deal more than they say. I object to have dust thrown in my eyes—still more such coarse sand so clumsily shovelled. In vain the happy familist cat purrs small and pretends to shrink to the semblance of the *ridiculus mus*. It was amusing to see how often the Labour M.P.'s, for all their practice, failed to hide the teeth and claws. They advertise boldly that English Socialism has no connection with any firm over the water trading under a similar name. This is false. The aims, if not the procedure of all, are identical. From the first days of the International their aspiration has been a world-wide federated movement. Continental Socialism is reckless and outspoken; English is opportunist, reticent, mendacious, and sly. There lies the only difference—a mere matter of the native English hypocrisy,

* "New Worlds for Old." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Constable.)

systematised in our days by the Nonconformist Conscience. The moment biting orders came from abroad our pretty grass-green and sky-blue chameleons would wax as blood-red as the best. In short, the hierophants are humbugs.

(4) But some not without the charm of inadvertent sincerities. My heart went out to one dear simple soul who shrank from defining or explaining Socialism, and with tearful pen implored us rather to search the Socialist Scriptures—to read up the voluminous, inexpensive, yet shockingly neglected collectivist literature. The public says it really can't. But if it would only just try! It says it won't. Cruel, cruel public! Touched by this pathetic little advertisement, so refreshing after the brazen quackery of the *Times* book-nostrum puffs, I felt almost persuaded to dive into the inky flood, and before the fit had cooled, THE BOOKMAN, by some strange chance—telepathy or waggery—sends me for review Mr. Wells's "New Worlds for Old." To its secrets these lengthy forewords are more than an introduction, possibly a key.

Have I read it? Yes, as reviewers read. No, not as I should have read it, had it flattered my hopes—that is, I have not spent a fortnight in "getting it up" for examination. And why not? Well, the paper cover says, "This book will answer the question every one is asking, 'What is Socialism?'" And the author begins by deploring that somehow or other (I think I know why), "though many good books have been written on the subject," none have ever answered "the very simple-seeming yet really very difficult question, 'What *is* Socialism?' . . . Some day, no doubt, such a book will come." (No doubt it will, but hardly from a Socialist pen.) "Meanwhile, this temporary substitute." A-tiptoe we pilgrims enter the shrine of the Holy Bottle—there is no waiting here, gentlemen! (page 3)—the high-priest lifts the curtain and we read the "mighty secret" thus:

> "Socialism is a great intellectual process, a development of desires and ideas that takes the form of a project—a project for the re-shaping of human society upon new and better lines. That in the ampler proposition is what Socialism claims to be. This book seeks to expand and establish that proposition."

Amazement, bewilderment, dismay, then merriment loud and long, and we leave the show fairly hoaxed for our penny. But if the oracle thus roguishly defines Socialism as nonsense wrapt up in clumsy verbiage, the Holy Bottle makes no mystery about the Socialists. Who but a Socialist would for years have inquired into the movement, even "in America," conferred with the leaders, "attended and held meetings and experimented in Socialist politics," and yet would have neglected wholly the study of first principles? Who but a Socialist, after all his toil among details, sitting down to answer in a book a plain question, would have grudged five, nay, ten minutes, to thinking out the formal proposition in which he enunciates and summarises his answer—in purging it from error, nonsense, fallacy, and awkward verbiage? I will omit the many obvious strictures on his definition, merely pointing out that it includes under Socialism not only every *non*-Socialistic "project" and movement—Mormonism, the temporal power, militarism, absolute monarchy, anarchism, nihilism, but even the most rabid *anti*-Socialism! Q.E.A.

Now really it is *not* "a very difficult question," though "no Socialist" has ever answered it. It is very easy. Every trained mind accustomed to deal with first principles would give an identical answer, for there is only one. Thirty years ago my pupils were always worrying me with this question, on which their books threw no clear light, so to quiet them I framed as answer certain definitions which, so far as I remember them, I will now offer for Mr. Wells's acceptance. Thus. In its *popular*, vulgar meaning, Socialism is a word used to include all those schemes and systems (mostly communistic) for reconstructing society, which trace their first or second birth to the Revolution of 1789. But this is mere popular usage—vague and illogical. Socialism regarded as a movement, a project, a propaganda, a revolt—and so Mr. Wells rightly regards it—must be thus defined: *Socialism denotes any and every theory or movement which in a given community at a given epoch aims at disturbing the existing compromise, at tilting the existing balance, between the claims of the individual and those of society to whatever extent in favour of the latter.* Such, I submit, is the only correct and useful definition. Its various elements should be obvious.

There is indeed a second sense, correct but useless—a rhetorical, platform sense, which lurks in the back of our author's mind, as in others, causing sad confusion. Socialists speak of Socialism as a perfect, all-embracing social system, which may, must, will prevail. Regarded thus, there is further confusion between two senses: (*a*) Pure Socialism, absolute Socialism, the only genuine Socialism, may be defined as *an ideal, Utopian, utterly impossible social system, wherein the individual will is completely absorbed in the collective will.* Here the word does at least mean something, if only a chimera, like spiritualism or circle-squaring, or like individualism. For, from the first evolution of sex up to the summit of human civilisation, more and more sternly does Nature debar the animal world from absolute individualism and absolute collectivism alike. Everywhere, always she ordains a compromise, stationary or shifting. The social ideal is logical and self-consistent—but in practice how absurd! Just fancy our Socialist in his Utopia saying, "My nose—beg pardon, I mean, of course, *our* nose—tickles awfully. I request a plebiscite of the London citizens (with appeal to the nation, and finally to the human race) to decide whether I may use our handkerchief." Fancy the decision. "Whereas there has been of late too much disfiguring redness of the noses of the State, due to excessive and unauthorised attrition of the social cuticle by presumptuous individual initiative in the use of national linen," etc., etc. And the social unit all the time in agonies, and muttering, "O for one minute of old King Log, and a good scratch!" Ridiculous—yes, but perfectly logical. The other sense (*b*) is relative Socialism—Mr. Wells's Socialism, if he would but see it. The word is here only an awkward and superfluous synonym for society or the State, and includes *every* degree of compromise between the two impossible absolutes. All men, save monsters like Rayner, are, must be, convinced Socialists. The self-styled, advertising Socialists are really only communistic democrats, whose secret but aggressive individualism aims at an anti-social oligarchy of their own class.

This "very difficult question" thus easily answered, the "New Worlds" needs little comment. It gives a fair view of the opinions and aims of the communist Radicals, and especially of their disciple. However strongly we protest against being robbed and demoralised by premature piecemeal legislation borrowed from a system which has not yet realised or justified its principles, we should always respect the men who, each according to his lights, are striving to find out a cure for our social maladies. The work evidently of an able and practised writer, "New Worlds" has few personal defects—the serious one, as already hinted, a neglect of first principles, by entailing partial views and unsound judgments. Numerous and grave are the faults he shares with his school. Fair and candid in himself, he has caught the infection of formal disingenuity, and that odd mixture of hypocrisy and ruffianism—the wolf in sheep's clothing showing his teeth—but these are only borrowed mannerisms. The book has much merit. It is nearly all interesting—some parts very original and arresting. Personally, while distrusting the author's larger conclusions, I found myself in cordial accord not only with his strictures on existing society, but also with many of his proposed reforms. What if he is a little inconsistent—independent—nay, scandalously individualist? It is but human. For this he has been already bantered in some clever verses, and I see that in his scheme

of universal plunder an exception is made in favour of popular authors. Well, what of that? Every Socialist takes it for granted that his own private doorposts will be safely sprinkled with blood—regal, episcopal, or capitalist—when the Destroying Angel passes over. Y. Y.

CONFESSIO MEDICI.*

This is a vastly delightful book. The old-fashioned adverb is used with intention; for, though the volume be a slender one, the truth in it is in touch with the vastness of this great universe in which our lot is cast, and if it be not quite so broad or so deep as life itself, it is at least informed by more than a little of life's humour, spontaneity, and dynamic force. The humour especially is invigorating and irresistible. Medicus, in his tirade, for instance, against the bad system of hospital letters, writes in a footnote: "They are a survival of the bad Georgian way of *patronising the unfortunate*. Nothing can justify them, unless it were the existence of people who would not subscribe even to the maintenance of Heaven, without an Annual Report and the right to recommend four souls for immediate admission if found suitable cases."

And here is a characteristic passage marked by many of the author's most arresting qualities:

"'*I'm so glad you are here*,' says the grand house, all huddled under the blow which has fallen on it; the house hardly knows itself, the invitation-cards over the mantelpiece have an air of mockery, the sounds of the street are insufferable, the very window-blinds are tugging at their cords to be let down. '*I'm so glad you are here*,' says the little house in the slums, '*come along quick, doctor, she's awful bad*.' Of course, we must not be proud that we are wanted. The cat's-meat man, for instance, is not proud that the cats want him, and come twisting out of every area. Still, if I were he, I should try to be glad of such a welcome. But to be wanted by men and women is a very different matter, and may fairly be called a career."

That is literature, and literature of the best; but it is better than literature: it is life.

Some of our author's most earnest pages are witty and telling, but the reader feels always that the wit is merely incidental, the lightest sparkle on the crest of a wave to one who is breasting the great deep. In a few sentences of lucid prose he drives home the gist of what Browning upheld in "Francis Furini" as the answer of man's consciousness to certain fundamental questions:

> "I at the bottom, Evolutionists,
> Advise beginning, rather. I profess
> To know just one fact—my self-consciousness,—
> . . . . .
> Call consciousness the soul—some name we need
> . . . . .
> I know
> Somewhat of what this fleshly frame of ours
> Or is or should be, how the soul empowers
> The body to reveal its every mood
> Of love and hate, pour forth its plenitude
> Of passion."

"I believe in the reality of myself," says Medicus, "and in the freedom of my will; and I believe that we, addressing ourselves to the universe, are as real as the universe, addressing itself to us." "I never could see," he has said, "why everything should have to be made of matter to be real."

Notwithstanding his own wider horizons, which make the final grace of the book—and that all the more because they are oftener implied than insisted upon—the writer is careful to assert that, "for the sake of our patients, the spirit of practice compels us to work always within the ring-fence of materialism. . . . Euclid takes it for granted, that he is dealing with lines perfectly straight; we take it for granted, that we are dealing with automatic machines out of order. Both assumptions, alike, are but the forgeries of science." And then he adds, "Look back to the time when you were not the doctor but the patient, lying there and wondering at the mystery of yourself; or to the day of your operation, when that mystery accompanied you as you went under the anæsthetic, and met you as you came out of it. You were you, that day, and your brain was yours, not you. Pick up this thread, and follow its guidance." He translates for us Juvenal's prayer:—"Ask for a brave heart, wholly free from the fear of death; a heart which reckons mere length of days among the least of Nature's kindnesses, and can bear all hardships, and cannot lose its temper over trifles, and covets nothing, and is persuaded that the bitter labours of Hercules have more salvation in them than the lust and luxury of Sardanapalus."

Ah, it is all very well for this man to make light of that imitative shibboleth named "culture"—never surely was any cant more odious than the cant of that particular deity—but he can well afford to do that; because with him the reality behind the hateful and much vaunted word breathes from every page he has written, as truly as that "grace of simplicity of purpose" which he rightly says has been the making of the best men in the profession.

Those of us who have friends in "Middlemarch" and count Lydgate among the dearest of them, feel something like personal pride in the author's assurance that if his students will only cultivate Lydgate's acquaintance and ponder his story, they will be spared many pitfalls. He makes a beautiful use of old Paré, giving us the very words of his quaint old French: "*Je le pansay et Dieu le guarit*" (p. 57). Also the heart of many a reader must echo his dictum that "it is all very well, in the vanity of health, to call ourselves a succession of states of consciousness; that nonsense is knocked out of us by a month in bed, where we have time and opportunity to feel sure that we are not." But perhaps what will haunt the memory most enduringly is his verdict on the death of Velox, who wore himself out long before life was over in the service of that healing work which with his whole body he worshipped, sparing no nerve or fibre of himself in its arduous pursuit. "But Heaven gave him, thus disabled in its service, a handsome pension. . . . He was paid, in peace of mind, in a clear conscience, in home-love, in a name honoured far and wide, in faith and hope, and in shrewd and mellow wisdom."

Annie Matheson.

* "Confessio Medici." By the Writer of "The Young People." 3s. 6d. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. BELLOC'S ESSAYS.*

Why Mr. Belloc entitled this little volume "On Nothing" is a problem worthy of Edgar Allan Poe. "It was in Normandy, you will remember," so runs his appetising dedication, "and in the heat of the year, when the birds were silent in the trees and the apples nearly ripe, with the sun above us already of a stronger kind, and a somnolence within and without, that it was determined among us (the jolly company!) that I should write upon Nothing, and upon all that is cognate to Nothing, a task not yet attempted since the Beginning of the World!" What an opulent prospect! What possibilities are not suggested by this halcyon preamble?—little delicate, graceful, perhaps mystical, pensive and peaceful sentimentalisings, or even another Sartor, or an English Maeterlinck. How precious any such dish had been, compounded with pure Belloc! But except for this dedication, and just a teasing flash here and there, not a trace of nothing follows, nor much more of its "kindred subjects" either. Indeed all but a few of these little essays deal with the most massive and unannihilatible of all things material; with Houses, Lords, Railways, Rich Men, Debts: but not in the least from the

* "On Nothing." By H. Belloc. 5s. (Methuen.)

"nothing" point of view. Still, after all, ours would have been but a trifling quarrel if *this* Mr. Belloc had proved to be the author of the "Book of Beasts," and of the "Path to Rome," and of "Hills and the Sea."

These books, one feels sure, were simply eloquent and captivating introductions to the vehement, Rabelaisian, precipitate personality that gave them being. Who can withstand them? Each is original, each is unique. But if this book too is a letter of introduction, then it was written at odd moments, by different and sometimes callous hands, not quite whole-heartedly, and at far too great a length. (Exactly to whom is not our speculation.) For some of these little papers are tedious, perfunctory, and affected; a few are coarse in grain, and almost pointless; some are of the purest and rarest fantasy, every facet twinkling with life and brilliance; some are whimsical, bitter, humorous, flat, each in turn; and one or two towards the end of the book are the quiet and solitary reveries of one to whom writing is neither merely a harlequinade nor a challenge, but a commentary on life, as profound as mysterious and as all-engrossing.

"If this page does not appal you, nothing will.
"If these first words do not fill you with an uneasy presentiment of doom, indeed, indeed you have been hitherto blessed in an ignorance of woe.
"It is lost! What is lost? The revelation this page was to afford. The essay which was to have stood here upon page 127 of my book: the noblest of them all."

"There is a part of us, as all the world knows, which is immixed with change and by change only can live. There is another part which lies behind motion and time, and that part is ourselves. This diviner part has surely a stronghold which is also an inheritance. It has a home which perhaps it remembers, and which certainly it conceives at rare moments during our path over the moor.
"This is that Faëry Castle. It is revealed at the sound of a trumpet; we turn our eyes, we glance and we perceive it; we strain to reach it—in the very effort of our going the doom of human labour falls upon us and it vanishes away."

These are extracts from two of the nothings; neither worst nor best, but both representative.

It will seem, no doubt, dull and old-fashioned to wish that there were a little less caprice, a little less obtrusion, so to say, of the less significant self in so much of the cleverest and most vivacious work of the day. Kiss—if you must, and her nay is yea, and it's dusk; heaven alone knowing whither next the gleam will beckon—but never, never tell. That, alike for one's muse and one's sweetheart, is the long-tried axiom. But other fashions rule nowadays. It is telling, telling, still telling; whether you kiss or no. No witticism in this book, for instance, falls flatter than that which ends its dedication; that it was written "for gain." One rather pines for a little of the old formality and dignity, the old recognition of what is best left unsaid; the silence on what concerns no man, even regarding that puppet of publisher and public, an author. The reader is being incessantly reminded, in this little book, of his complete and sordid dulness, that he is too insignificant for words. It is hard to be the passive foil of so brilliant a pen. What is worse, such endless, restless egotism tends to stifle the conviction of sincerity, without which no book is worth the gilt on its covers. Yet who could be more sincere than Mr. Belloc? Who fights fiercer for forlorn causes? "On the Return of the Dead," "On a Rich Man who Suffered," "On a Conversation in the Train";—they are keen and agile, acid in phrase and fancy. But gladly we would give a hundred such laborious trifles for one other "On an Unknown City," "On a Faëry Castle," "On a Winged Horse." Occasionally, even in these, breaks out a jest, a taunt, a sting that sharply recalls the dreamer to the miserable mock reality of the world from which he has been so strangely and effortlessly spirited away. Mr. Belloc thinks his critics very dull fellows, it is clear; and likely enough on irrefutable grounds. But the Ass is a beast that will seem almost human when an Angel stands in the way, and a Balaam is in the saddle. Mr. Belloc is a true prophet, and will speak only as the spirit moves him. He will curse, willingly, on and on, with endless animation and verve, but not to order. How is it, then, he seems only to have succeeded here in making that patient creature bray?

WALTER DE LA MARE.

A MODERN EUPHUIST.*

This book, strangely bound in vellum and wall-paper, and still more strangely announced as a classic, contains the outpourings of a man who has endured to middle age a tragic and isolating diffidence. Its form is that of a letter or confession addressed to a second person, and it extends without pause, or break of chapter, for two hundred and twelve pages. The author himself, in a single incisive sentence, lays bare the weakness of his work. "Describing solitude," he says, "I have been dull: I have fixed the rushing flames of emotion in poor flamboyant traceries." That is nearly the whole story. He has been dull—flamboyantly dull, gorgeously dull, preciously dull, but not, I think, honestly dull; and if there must be dulness, let it be honest: give me the worst of Wordsworth rather than the best of "Euphues." When I say the book is not honest, I mean that it is not æsthetically honest. I do not impugn the honesty of the author, or the essential veracity of his story. His book is not honest simply because he has thought first of his "flamboyant traceries," and last of his "emotion." Indeed, it is obvious that the book exists for the sake of the tracery and not for the sake of the emotion. The emotion may be sincere, but the expression is purely histrionic. Like Astrophel, the author wishes us to take some pleasure of his pain, and seeks fit words to paint the blackest face of woe; but he does not look into his heart and write: rather does he look into a very well-stored head. The book is a confession; but a confession should be ingenuous, and this is merely ingenious. It should be a cry of the heart; this is an exercise of the pen. The author focusses attention, not on himself, but on a single quality—his paralysing diffidence, and instead of moving us to tears, makes us feel that he is an affluent and enviable person. He should have described how he spilled his soup and said the agonisingly wrong thing; but instead, he quotes Epictetus with dignity and retires in luxury to the gorgeous East. Moreover, his volubility, like an auctioneer's, reveals nothing; for you close the book at the end without the least consciousness of character or significant circumstance. Turn from this to the "Story of my Heart" or the "Child in the House," and you will see what the author has tried and failed to do; and as for the particular quality in question, a mere sketch like Harland's "Responsibility" conveys more of the essential tragedy of diffidence than do all the words on all these pages. The author feels certain that mere Philistines (like myself) will scoff at his malady. We shall not; but we shall deride his remedies. Acutely self-conscious, he flies for cure to introspection, when he should have gone to the Alhambra. Fearful of his fellow-man, he goes for strength to Lucretius and William the Silent, when he should have tried Edmund Payne and George Graves.

As a human document, then, the book is unconvincing. The "rushing flames of emotion" neither rush nor flame, and bear no resemblance to emotions. Turn we then to the "flamboyant traceries." Generally speaking, the book is composed rather than written. The style is elaborate, artificial, cothurnate, and becomes tedious in its unmitigated preciosity. Above all, it is mechanical—there is no man in it. Open your De Quincey, Ruskin, Pater, Stevenson, or any other writer of highly mannered prose, and you find

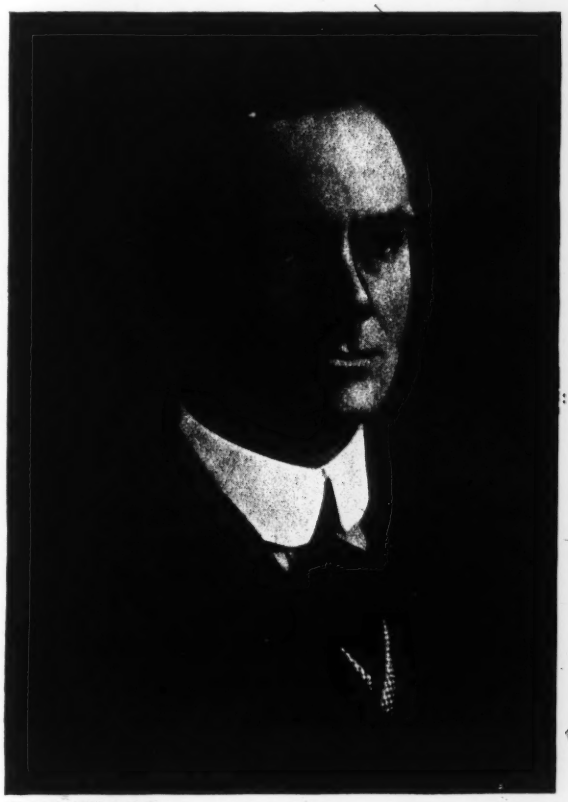
* "Apologia Diffidentis." By W. Compton Leith. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

character and personality on every page. The style is the man, and comes from within; here it is mere adornment from without. I adduce a passage of description—the book is at its best in such moments.

"It [the road] followed the bed of a mountain stream, beginning in a mere pleat of the hills, tumbling often in white cascades, and enduring no boat upon its waters until half its course was run. But here it challenged man to essay a fall; for where it burst its way over rocky slopes were channels jeopardous and hardly navigable, sequences of foaming rapids, races of wild water swirling round opposing boulders, and careering indignant of restraint between long walls of beetling rock. Here when the sun had gone down we would embark with a crew of lithe brown men in a canoe hewn from a single tree, seamless and stoutly fashioned to be the unharmed plaything of such rocks and boisterous waters as these. In these rapids the river waked to consciousness of mighty life, tossing our little craft through a riot of dancing waves, whirling it round the base of perpendicular rocks set like adamant in the hissing waters, sweeping it helpless as a petal down some glassy plane stilled as it were into a concentrated passion of movement. The men sprang from side to side, from bow to stern, staving the craft with a miraculous deftness from a projecting boulder, forcing her into a new course, steadying her as she reeled in the shock and strain of the conflict, while their long poles bent continually like willow wands against her battered sides. The steersman stood silent, except when he shouted above all the din some resonant, eruptive word of command; the men responded by breathless invocations to their gods, relaxing no tense sinew until the pent waters rushed out into some broad pool where the eased stream went brimming silently, gathering new strength in the darkness of its central deeps."

The author has at his command a large and picturesque vocabulary and a fine sense of phrase and rhythm; but he is embarrassed by his riches, and he is terribly long-winded. He should withdraw this book and cut it up into essays; for in pieces of straiter bounds he could lavish his glowing luxuriance of words without dazzling and tiring us. He should give us more matter with less art—indeed, if the pun be permitted, more heart with less art; for it seems that he might write the prettiest prose of this generation.

George Sampson.



Pho'o by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Archibald Marshall.

Author of "Many Junes."

Novel Notes.

MANY JUNES. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Methuen.)

The plan of narrating four separate periods or epochs in the history of your hero has its disadvantages, but it manages to preserve a certain continuity of interest and at the same time to get a lot of variety into the successive phases. The youth of Hugh Lelacheur is the idyllic June of his life, spent with his sister in a remote country house. But his sister marries an Australian sheep-farmer, and his father, a retired admiral, loses all his money in speculation. Thus Hugh's plans are rudely changed. He becomes a London clerk, living a quiet, reserved, and monotonous life, which was annually redeemed by a three weeks' holiday every June. During the course of an autumn vacation, he is entangled into what ends as an engagement with an ambitious, foolish suburbanite girl, Mabilia Cheriton. His motive in this was not love but sentiment. He had lost his little niece, and his love for little children stirred again.

"His liking for Mabilia hung between unwillingness to withdraw altogether from her society, and uncertainty as to the wisdom of a closer tie; no man could ever have contemplated marriage from weaker compulsion. But there was one consideration that turned the scale. The thought of little children of his own to twine themselves round his heartstrings aroused desire. This was the boon that marriage should bring to him. It was a compelling one. His heart warmed as he thought of it."

Unluckily, he fell really in love with another girl in the country, before this loveless engagement ended in marriage. The girl refuses to allow him to give up Mabilia, on religious grounds. This is the weak and even stupid part of Mr. Marshall's story. The guardian of the poor girl insists that

Photo by Turner & Drinkwater.

"J. E. Buckrose."

Author of "The Wolf."

Hugh's word to Mabilia put it out of his power to offer love and marriage to a Roman Catholic. Which is, of course, preposterous. Mr. Marshall, however, will have it so, and wrecks his hero's happiness. The loveless marriage turns out childless. Hugh, who has succeeded to his uncle's baronetcy, finds himself tied to an ambitious, vulgar woman, and his Junes of joy are done. The conclusion of the book is depressing, and its plot is, in one vital point, unreal. But the earlier part is instinct with genuine feeling. The crabbed old admiral, the tutor, the loyal servant Dunster, the clerk whom Hugh befriends in London, and the old lady at the opening of the story, are all graphic figures. So is Anne, the fair, kind sister. Mr. Marshall has drawn an idyllic picture of the brother and sister in their early life. Afterwards the shadows gather, a trifle arbitrarily, yet the strong, hapless character of Hugh never loses its attraction for the reader. A few more touches of humour would have lightened the latter part, especially. But the story, even without them, is undeniably arresting.

THE WOLF. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

The somewhat enigmatic title of this novel must not mislead the public. It is not a study of wild beasts. The cry of the wolf is the voice of lawless despair in life, which tempts a man to ask, "What is the good of it all?" and to gratify his passions as if nothing mattered. Hamilton, the hero of the book, has an Oriental passion to hand on his property to a son and heir, but hereditary insanity in his family prevents him from marrying. By what is at first a whim, he gets Mark Branscombe to let him adopt the latter's boy. But the relationship is complicated by his growing admiration for Susy, Mark's wife, an admiration which ripens into chivalrous love. The complications to which this gives rise in a little country district are the main plot of a story which is worked out with the same subtlety and humour as "The Toll Bar." The author has once more succeeded in delineating with real skill a woman's character developing under circumstances of difficulty and even peril. It is Susy's sterling nature which helps to keep Hamilton right. In a moment of despairing suspicion, the husband rushes out of doors to shoot himself. Hamilton, who follows, is tempted to let him carry out the fatal deed, and for an instant the temptation almost masters his sense of honour.

"All that life could give if Mark were dead spread out before him in that breathing-space as the past unrolls before a drowning man. All the kingdoms of the earth—not the far-off ones, but the near-beloved kingdoms that he could see from the vantage-ground of an intensified perception—spread out before him then. How he'd reign a king with Susy—Susy, who would come to love him, for his dear queen. The dim sea and sky and sandhills grew unsteady about him. 'What's the good of giving it all up? What's the good?' wailed the wolf-cry. 'In a hundred years it'll be all the same, but you'll have had your day!' Ah, the last argument of that dreadful wolf Despair! 'A hundred years hence—it won't matter——' He watched Mark put his hand to the trigger. The wind lulled for a second to absolute stillness. Then he heard Susy's voice in the garden. . . . If she'd once been less than good—if she had ever consciously appealed to the bad in him—her voice would have brought some suggestion of it. But her real human goodness, full of faults, had the tremendous power now which it always has."

This is the dramatic climax of the story. But it is prepared by plenty of humorous incident and ordinary by-play. The scenes in the London boarding-house are particularly enjoyable. The author has sketched one or two capital country-folk, and her characterisation is as accurate as ever. This is one of the few contemporary novels of its class which suggest independent observation and experience behind their pages. "The Toll Bar" was good; so was "The Wood End." This, we are inclined to think, shows a greater breadth and glow than either of its excellent predecessors.

WHITE ROSE OF WEARY LEAF. By Violet Hunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)

It were easy to say unpleasant things about "White Rose of Weary Leaf," but one may just as easily and with equal justice say things that are pleasant. The cleverness of the book is undeniable; the interest of its story grows and strengthens as it progresses, and its characters are drawn with insight—they are alive, and amazingly lifelike. Amy Steevens, the leading lady of the narrative, is a sort of up-to-date Becky Sharp; she is "a common person's child," and "had been, not to school, but in a school—a different thing. She had assisted in a dressmaker's shop, and in a typewriting establishment. She had been secretary to an author, and companion to an idle lady abroad. She had been on the stage. She had been to Russia with the famous Dr. M—— as his amanuensis, and had been sent home in a British steamer when trouble arose. She had seen a battlefield in South Africa, and the results of it in hospital afterwards. She was constitutionally a rolling-stone." At the outset she is acting as companion to the twelve-year-old daughter of the Dands, people of good family who are staying for a while in Paris; and she loses her situation through following Sir Mervyn Dymond, a co-respondent in a current divorce case, upstairs into his bedroom to prevent him from committing suicide. Whereupon Sir Mervyn appoints her his secretary, and she further smirches her reputation by staying at his house in London, though the relations between them are perfectly innocent. She is fearlessly unconventional, and has to pay for her courage. No one is ever really kind to her, as she complains at last, "except to be cruel, after." She is passionless and not beautiful, yet most men are curiously attracted to her, and she seems fated to fall amongst crude cads who are continually wanting to lay hands on her and to kiss her; and she loathes their touches and their kisses. She lives in an atmosphere of divorce and nastiness, yet she wins and holds your sympathy, and something of your liking, and is the only person in the book who does.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss Violet Hunt.

Author of "White Rose of Weary Leaf."

NEITHER STOREHOUSE NOR BARN. By Allen Raine. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Silas Hocking, and "Allen Raine" (Mrs. Puddicombe) are undoubtedly the four most popular novelists of our day. No novel of "Allen Raine's" has sold fewer than a hundred and sixty thousand, most of them have sold over two hundred thousand, and one has sold over three; nor is her popularity hard to understand. She is a born teller of tales; she writes simply and entertainingly, capturing the general interest at the outset, and holding it with a narrative that is always moving forwards, always opening out and yet always keeping something back that stimulates a reader's curiosity and keeps it awake until the last chapter comes to make the last disclosure. The crowd is always eager to listen when there is a story to tell, and the author has mastered that primitive art of telling it. Here, in this new book, you find Olwen Meyric spending a last night in the empty house where she had lived since childhood. Her father, the vicar, is dead and buried; the furniture has been sold off and taken away; a table and some sort of bed to sleep on is all that remains to her, and in the morning she is to set out on a long walk through Wales to stay for a short holiday with the sister of her old nurse, hoping that in the meantime a reply may come from the aunt to whom she has written, and who is travelling abroad. Five pounds is all her wealth, but she has no fear; her father had been used to say, "See the birds of the air, Olwen; they have neither storehouse nor barn; yet He careth for them," and she has all her father's optimism, and more. On the second day of her tramp, she falls in with George Parry, a young inventor, who had left her native village a little while before, and was supposed to have gone to America, and thenceforward, for nine days, they make the journey afoot together, she putting up, of nights, at a cottage or wayside inn, and he lodging less expensively in an out-house. The story is of this unconventional walk and its consequences; and the consequences are for a while unpleasant, because amongst the various and sometimes curious folk they meet on the road are the subtle, vindictive girl with whom Gwil had had a fleeting, foolish love affair: she is still in love with him, though he has no longer any fancy for her, and she finds means to destroy the intricate model of the invention that was to bring him fortune, and to spread scandalous rumours that goad Olwen into running away from her aunt's house in disgrace, to wander destitute and dependent on the kindness of strangers until Gwil learns something of the truth, and goes in search of her and finds her.

THE HOUSE OF THE LOST COURT. By The Marchioness d'Alpens. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The House of the Lost Court" is a story of our own time; its people are vividly, some of them almost aggressively, up-to-date, yet they live and move through an atmosphere and against a background of old-world mystery and romance. A wealthy American widow and her daughter, Dolores, come over to England to make a lengthy stay, and, looking for a furnished house, rent the fine old Tudor mansion known as Queen's Quadrangles. There are certain conditions attached to the tenancy: they have to keep on one or two of the ancient servitors, and Lady Rosamund stipulates that they shall allow her to remain in residence nominally as their housekeeper. After they are settled down there, they are puzzled by the way in which the neighbours evade them, hold themselves aloof and will not visit them; strange rumours reach them of the black shadow of a tragedy that overhangs the place; there is talk of its being haunted, and a persistent tale of the house having been built with three courts, but now, wander round and search as you will, it possesses only two. Dolores sees the ghost that haunts the grounds, and trying to satisfy herself that it is not human, finds that it is, and strays by chance into the missing third court of the house that has been undiscoverable for years; with which discovery, and the friendship that springs up betwixt herself and the young sad-featured "ghost," begins the unravelling of a mystery-tale that is as ingenious as it is charmingly and imaginatively written.

HER BESETTING VIRTUE. By Mary Stuart Boyd. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Frances Grant's besetting vice, or virtue, was a generous sympathy, a warm-hearted impulsiveness that involved her in a good deal of misunderstanding and was continually plunging her into unpleasant situations, yet, in the long run, was the means of bringing her to the greatest happiness of her life. She is an orphan, and on his death the uncle she had been living with bequeaths a fortune to her; but it is found that his estate is not so valuable as he had believed: he has left many other legacies to poor friends and pensioners of his, and there is nothing like enough money to pay them all. In order that the other legacies may be paid in full, Frances decides to reduce her own legacy to a matter of three pounds a week; her lawyer-cousin, Tom Chauncery, and his wife Cynthia do their utmost to persuade her from adopting this course, but she cannot bear to think of the disappointed hopes of the other and poorer legatees, and carries out her intention. As a consequence, you see her living cheaply in a shabby Bloomsbury boarding-house, pitied, slighted, and shelved by Cynthia and others of her wealthy relatives; you see her, after her health has broken down, living quietly at an unfashionable sea-side resort, and there having compassion on a reticent, misjudged man who lives next-door to her, and so unwittingly laying the foundation of a very pretty romance, that is to cover Cynthia with chagrin, and crown her own life with a happiness that pursues and overtakes her when she impetuously runs away from it. Mrs. Boyd has a bright and attractive style, and her story makes very delightful reading.

THE HEART OF A CHILD. By Frank Danby. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Like many another heroine of the modern novel, Sally Snape lived a very unconventional life, mixed much with men of a raw kind, and shrank from their touches and "hated kissing."

"I've always hated it" (she assured Joe Aarons, when that easy-going, fatherly, family animal was making amorous advances to her). "Johnny Doone was the first who wanted to kiss me, and many times I've smacked his face for him. I like Johnny, but I didn't want him about me. And then, there was the tailor where I worked. His wife walked into him about it, and into me too, though I don't see how I was to have helped it. And loafers in the street, and Luke Cullen, and everybody. I can't think why they can't leave a girl alone. I hate such ways."

You are shown the strange unfolding of her career, the development of her character, from the days when she is a ragged, alert, untamed slum child, living in a foul garret, with a brutal docker for a father, and a mother who dies of heart disease with the marks of his brutality fresh upon her; through the interval when, by the interest of Lady Dorothea Lytham, who runs over her with her motor-car, she is engaged in the show-room of a West End dressmaker, to the happy ending when, having graduated on the music-hall stage, she becomes a star in musical comedy and marries young Lord Kidderminster. The whole thing is done so well and with such knowledge that it might all be true. Mr. Perry, the artist in dress, and potential head of the dressmaking establishment, is a great creation; Joe Aarons, Edgar Levy, and others of the men who are more or less connected with the theatre are almost as good—they are so true, so clothed in all their natural flesh and blood kindness and meanness and manliness and beastliness

that one is pretty sure there have been those who have unconsciously sat as models for some of them. The story begins realistically, and ends in romance, but the romance is of real life; and through all her drab, squalid, perilous experiences Sally carries the frank, pure heart of a child, and takes no harm. Her character is a fine and masterly study, and "it is her character that counts," as her aristocratic father-in-law says when he has met her and is reconciled to his son's marriage. "She has a man's sense of honour, coupled with a child's unconsciousness of expediency." Every way a remarkable novel, and one that confirms and increases our admiration for its author's exceptional gifts.

EVE'S APPLE. By Alphonse Courlander. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Courlander's new novel is the story of two women and a man. The man, David Ingersby, is a sincere, earnest fellow, who inherits a fortune from an uncle and is appointed trustee of a considerable sum that the same uncle bequeaths to his second cousin, Helen March. David has done no good as a barrister, and at forty feels he is too old to make a real start in that or any other profession; but he is a fervent humanitarian, and has it in him to do something for the betterment of the poor. When he meets Helen, he finds she is spending her money and time in philanthropic work, and has already founded and is superintending a home for cripple children, and he gladly joins her and becomes her adviser and helper in these undertakings. She is a large-hearted, broad-minded, wise, good woman, and he looks up to her and admires her, and has no suspicion that for all her comradely, businesslike attitude towards him she is quietly and profoundly in love with him. Out in Paris he had met and been fascinated by the youthful charm and piquant beauty of Gabrielle de Tourmé, a proud, cold-natured, subtly winsome young girl, who was married to an aristocratic roué for his money. He had pitied her then, and torn himself away from her, fearful of trusting himself; presently, he meets her again in London, and learns that her husband is dead. She shocks him by making no secret of the fact that she is glad to be free; he dimly realises that she despises the poor and has no sympathy with the tasks which he and Helen have set themselves to accomplish, yet in spite of himself he yields to her witcheries, loves her, and his love flames to a blind passion that burns up every other hope and purpose of his life. He quarrels with and alienates his brother, who knows the truth about her and warns him against her; he marries her in face of all he half fears and half believes, and so far from winning her round to share in his great ideals, he is dragged down by her and wrecked and ruined, and she deserts him when in a desperate effort to stave off the final crash he has misappropriated money, including that he holds in trust for Helen, and is on the eve of arrest and a long term of imprisonment. It is a poignant and masterly piece of work; Mr. Courlander shows a real and sympathetic knowledge of human character, and a ripe and felicitous narrative skill in bringing his story through rough and troublous ways to a noble and finely imagined ending.

CLANBRAE: A Golfing Idyll. By Pentland Peile. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Pentland Peile, which we take to be a pen-name, has a pretty wit, and he has written a book which should be a delight not only to the members of the Royal and Antient at St. Andrews and the bronzed Anglo-Indians who make an annual golfing festival of the Rangoon Week at Machrihanish, but to golfers all over the world, for golf is the main and central theme of "Clanbrae"; golf is dealt with in almost every chapter, and golf is the means by which the inevitable "happy endings" are effected. Clanbrae, we are told, is now a flourishing and fashionable West of Scotland golfing resort, but before the great hotel and the fine golf course came it presented an appearance suggestive rather of wane and decay. The atmosphere of the place—which is typical of many that lie within sight of Arran—is cleverly conveyed; and the "Scotch" (language, that is) of Crauford, the landlord of the Clanbrae Arms, is the real thing. Romance is deftly introduced; but "Clanbrae" is in reality an orgy of golf, and one fancies the author is in full agreement with one of his characters, who holds that there probably "never was a time when some game of the nature of golf was not played." Surely there never was a novel so full of golf! From first to eighteenth hole—we mean from Chapter I. to THE END—it is highly charged with golf; and we have no doubt that Mr. Pentland Peile is as skilful a wielder of the baffy-spoon and the mashie as he is of the fountain-pen. At least, in view of his obvious enthusiasm for golf, we hope so.

The Bookman's Table.

LELAND'S ITINERARY IN ENGLAND. Parts IV. and V. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Vol. II. 12s. net. (Bell.)

The same warm welcome which we gave in a former issue to the first volume of this edition of Leland's famous "Itinerary" may be cordially extended to the second. It includes (1) a portion of Part IV., consisting of notes on men and families which Leland made for the purposes of the "Itinerary," but did not work up; (2) his narrative "Itinerary" through the southern and western Midlands; and (3) an appendix containing a collection of his historical and antiquarian researches—into the lives of saints and the chronicles in the abbey libraries of Croyland and Bury St. Edmunds, and into the early history of Oxford and Cambridge Universities; together with two undated letters of Leland's, all from the Cheltenham Collectanea. Apart from its great historical and antiquarian value, the "Itinerary" is a delightful book to browse in; and as an example of editing which is detailed, illuminative, and restrained, and not in the least pedantic, Miss Toulmin Smith's work is wholly admirable.

HUMAN JUSTICE FOR THOSE AT THE BOTTOM: An Appeal to those at the Top. By C. C. Cotterill. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The name Socialism covers as many contradictions as the word "religion"; but it has found a new apostle whose definition of its content would make it one with Christianity. Those who are furthest from the so-called Socialism of politics, and think its programme contains "perilous stuff," may nevertheless desire to work in the service of that "Justice, Kindness, Love," which Mr. Cotterill upholds as "Socialism." The chief danger of the book lies in the possibility that young and shallow thinkers may be led into practical error by confusion of names; but the author himself (pp. 12-17) is careful to guard against this.

Mr. Cotterill's deep and passionate indignation on behalf of those "at the bottom" is well founded, as also is his faith in the spiritual nobility and intellectual capacity of the best of those "at the top," who, when they are cruel, are probably cruel from a self-centred want of knowledge and imagination far oftener than from want of heart. But when he writes as though a self-constituted committee of those "at the top" could reconstruct society for ever after a more Christian fashion than its present most unholy jerry-building, it is to be feared that he exaggerates the potentialities of committee work and hardly realises the intermingling dry-rot throughout that entire edifice which he seeks to regenerate with such centralised rapidity.

Nevertheless, this is a noble and deeply moving book. Those acquainted with Mr. Cotterill's uplifting power among boys who used to pass year by year under his care through a great public school can have little doubt that his old scholars—probably many of them now men of great social force and influence—will read with devout enthusiasm his call to this urgently needed crusade, and help to make more widely known his sincere, lucid, and impassioned appeal—an appeal breathing the very spirit of Christ, though refraining from any cheap trading upon that Highest Name. Can any one doubt for a moment that he is right in reminding us that "An immense majority of the people of this country are profoundly dissatisfied with things as they are. . . . This dissatisfaction is instinctive, and the instinct is one of the greatest in human nature. It is the instinct of justice. Things as they are are profoundly unjust, *and we know that they are*"?

No one who has the smallest real intimacy with the lives of those "at the bottom" can, if worthy of our common humanity, escape moments of poignant shame and anguished sympathy when face to face with the horrible and baffling conditions under which many of those who are our kindred—the common children of our one Father—are crushed into the unclean dust of squalor and temptation. Mr. Cotterill's strenuous appeal is only too greatly needed, and with him we take comfort in the fact that "competition is hurrying furiously to its end; and the ethical process—co-operation—is, with the quiet consciousness of its future, taking its place."

FAMOUS FRENCH SALONS. By Frank Hamel. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hamel has brought together a representative series of the famous French salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He has chosen nine of these centres of reunion, and very cleverly recaptures the atmosphere of them and subtly communicates to his readers a sense of their grace and brightness, their airy wickedness and charm, and their abounding human interest. Beginning with the salon of the beautiful Marquise de Rambouillet, which he describes as "the salon of manners," Mr. Hamel passes to the story of Mademoiselle de Montpensier's brilliant "salon of the Court," to Madame de Sévigné's "salon of friendship," and so down the glittering line to Madame de Staël's "salon of politics," and Madame Récamier's "salon of literature." In the drawing-rooms of such hostesses as these, famous for their birth, their wit, their beauty, or for all three, all the chief literary, political, military, social celebrities of their day met, as everybody knows, to intrigue and gossip and coruscate; wherefore Mr. Hamel's pages are thickly starred with dazzling names, and rich in witty anecdotes and memorable sayings. It is a full and careful record, lightly and entertainingly written, and valuable as a sidelight on the social history of other days, and for the vivid pictures it gives of the men and women and the manners of the times it passes under review. The book is illustrated with numerous portraits and contains a serviceable index.

STUDIES IN POETRY. By Stopford A. Brooke. 6s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

This is a very pleasant volume, consisting of six essays—on Keats, Epipsychidion, the lyrics of Shelley, Sir Walter Scott, another on Shelley in the form of an address to the Shelley Society, and—alas!—the inevitable and now very wearisome discourse on William Blake It is a pity that the volume opens with this subject, which has lately been misused so terribly. For all the other essays are distinctly fresh and stimulating—that on Scott being particularly good; for it restates very forcibly what was in danger of being forgotten—Scott's claim to a very high rank indeed as a lyrical poet. His fame as a lyrical poet has never quite recovered from the ducking it received under the Byronic cataract. But the author of "Proud Maisie is in the Wood" has nothing to fear ultimately from the author of "Maid of Athens," nor has the author of "Bonny Dundee" the slightest call to doff his bonnet, or, indeed, do anything more than wave his proud hand and pass by the creator of the wolfish Assyrian. It is the Scott essay that gives a special critical value to Mr. Stopford Brooke's volume at the present moment; and we think it will help to accelerate the change which is coming over the contemporary attitude towards poetry. It is merely the result of a temporary decadent and unhealthy spirit that Scott's poetry has lately come to be regarded chiefly as sustenance for schoolboys. Some of his lyrics are exquisite works of art. "Proud Maisie" has an elfin music unsurpassed in its kind by Shelley and certainly never attained by Byron; and we are by no means certain that there will not be a revival of interest soon in Scott's narrative poetry. From whatever point of view it is regarded, and though it may not be of the highest rank, it is infinitely superior to such works as the "Giaour"; and the superior critics who profess to think such works as "Marmion" or "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" artistically crude, and can yet talk subtle morbidities about Poe's "Raven," perhaps the most hopelessly tawdry and meretricious piece of unconscious humour ever swallowed by a gullible public, these superior critics—well, they will have to succumb to sanity, sooner or later, even if they have to be clapped into padded cells for a season. And this happy consummation we sincerely think will be hastened by Mr. Stopford Brooke's very sane and pleasant volume.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SONS.

There is little of the greyer, sterner side of Scotland in the new volume of the Glasgow Ballad Club's writing, **Ballads and Poems.** (7s. 6d. net). The first impression made upon the mind is one of spring, sunshine, and good-fellowship. Quickly turning the pages, we read that

> "Now, of a verity,
> I know the jocund Spring is on the town."

So sings Mr. R. K. Risk; while Mr. Walter Buchanan begins his "April Snow":

> "Sweet Mother of the buds of Spring,
> Fair harbinger of sunny days,"

and Mr. Henry Johnson within a page or so charms us with

> "The stirring of Spring
> Under the wing
> Of bird-life is a wondrous thing!"

Now and again we have the haunting, plaintive note of the far North, as in Mr. Neil Munro's beautiful song "To Exiles" beginning

> "Are you not weary in your distant places,
> Far, far from Scotland of the mist and storm?"

But throughout the volume the note is generally tender or buoyant, revealing a love of nature, of children, of old memories, old friends, a knowledge of peace and cheerfulness and the bigger things of life. The poems vary to some extent, naturally, as regards their merit, but they are never finical and over-precious; they all have a manliness about them and the sense of open-air.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Little books of good thought and a fine dignity are being produced under the editorship of Messrs. L. Cranmer-Byng and S. A. Kapadia. They are named "The Wisdom of the East Series," and by presenting the high ideals and philosophies of the Eastern sages, by selection from their writings, in simple English form, these editors are doing much to foster an appreciation and understanding between the peoples of the East and West. The new volume, **The Conduct of Life** (1s. net), is a translation by Ku Hung Ming, M.A., of one of the four books of Confucius, "The Doctrine of the Mean." Old as we are accustomed to consider the sages of the East, there is the spirit of progress, for instance, in the tail of the following statement: 'A man who is foolish, and yet is fond of using his own judgment; who is in humble circumstances, and yet is fond of

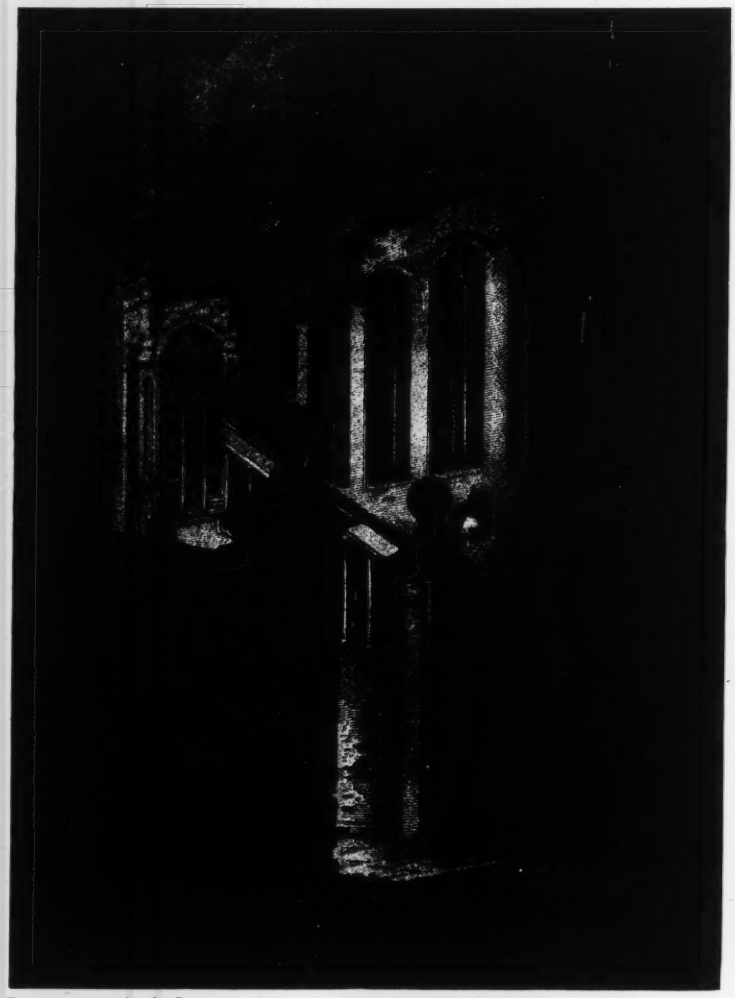
assuming authority; who, while living in the present age, reverts to the ways of antiquity: such a man is one who will bring calamity upon himself." This is Confucius, his opinion.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO.

Without detracting in the least from the grown-up dignity of **Mr. Tuckerman's Nieces** (6s.), by Miss Helen Dawes Brown, we consider it a charming book for girls who are a little too old for children's stories and just old enough for a novel. They will consider Mr. Tuckerman "a dear"; and his manner of receiving into his home his three nieces from Chicago, left to him by will, must certainly win any normal girl's affection. The well-defined natures of the girls, the difference they made to Mr. Tuckerman's daily life, their respective happy fates, and the charming atmosphere of American simplicity and humour pervading the whole story, will make it pleasant reading for most ages, but it is a decided "find" for girls.

MESSRS. GAY & BIRD.

In spite of a few ominous little signs of amateurishness in the early pages of Ada Pitfield's book, **Princess of the Sandhills** (3s. 6d.), such as the likening of the head of a supposed fisher-lad to "the head of some Greek god"; an inclination to name the picture of a despondent girl standing by a grey sea, "'Sad Dreams,' or something of that sort"; the spelling of Jane Austen's name as "Austin," and so forth, the story on the whole is alive and freshly-told, though the subject, that of a hasty, loveless marriage and the later coming of love, is a well-seasoned one. "Princess of the Sandhills" will serve as a safe pleasure for the holiday season. Girls will thrill with interest on a warm summer afternoon on the beach, or on a wet, cheerless afternoon indoors, if the Princess is their companion. And Miss Pitfield may plume herself on the fact that not every one can bring that about.



From an engraving by Storer.

Crosby Hall during the Tenancy of Messrs. Holmes & Hall, 1804.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Crowther & Goodman.)

MESSRS. CROWTHER & GOODMAN.

"A chapter in the history of London" comes to us from the pen of Mr. Charles W. F. Goss. It is the story of **Crosby Hall** (5s. net and 10s. 6d. net); an interesting chapter and a pathetic chapter; a chapter to cause some of us regret and some of us remorse, for there were many of us who could not afford to save it, but there were many of us who could. In any case it is a chapter which should be in the possession of all who love London, and all who care for historic associations. Mr. Goss has reconstructed for us the scenes of the old Hall's early splendour, and he has followed it through its many vicissitudes. Big events and glamorous personalities move along his pages, and with careful verification he has also collected a valuable fund of information in detail, not the least valuable of the details being the chronological list of occupiers, lease-holders, and free-holders. These pages of history are made doubly bright by nearly forty illustrations from contemporary sources, showing to the eye the beauty of the stately palace which is now destroyed.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

In **The Hunger Line** (1s. net) Mr. Bart Kennedy is filled with spasms of fine enthusiasm and sympathy for hungry Englishmen and women. He has known and seen terrible cases, and he deplores them, as all of us who have hearts must deplore them, even if we do not all agree with the way in which the cure is to be worked. The Acts of Parliament on which he comments give us all food for thought; so do facts. For instance, a few days ago two-and-twenty Englishmen, pipe in mouth, hands in pockets, stood in the middle of the morning, on the edge of a pavement, watching four foreigners making English streets. It is permissible to ask, Why were two-and-twenty Englishmen standing inertly there? To the thinker it seemed that they would have been better employed learning to make their own streets. These things are a tangle. When Mr. Kennedy tells the unemployed to "get the land," it does not seem to answer the question. But if this book stimulates thought, rather than inflames unthinking men, it will do good.

MESSRS. ALSTON RIVERS, LTD.

"Diana Crossways," who writes **A Melton Monologue** (3s. 6d.) is (in her book) one of that large army of humanity who cannot dig and to beg they are ashamed. A lack of money forces Lady Diana and her husband to let their place in the country, and it is with sincere grief that they do it. Then, being at loose ends, they sell a farm and buy a few hunters, and take a "cottage" in Leicestershire and console themselves in their poverty by hunting several days a week. Of course the horses are not nearly as good as they should be, and the husband and wife, Lady Diana would have you know, are distinctly straitened in means. But though unable to dig and ashamed to beg, Lady Diana accepts a good mount now and again, and her little "monologue," is full of wholehearted love of the sport and amusing comment. Incidentally there is trouble in the writer's heart, for "Jack" becomes dear to her and—her husband's name is "Freddie."

New Books of the Month.

FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

'ABDU'L—BAHA. Some Answered Questions. Collected and Translated from the Persian by Laura Clifford Barney. 4s. net ..... (Kegan Paul)

Author of "God the Beautiful."—Transformed Hinduism. 2 vols..... (Philip Wellby)

BICKERSTETH, REV. CYRIL, M.A.—The Shunammite, and Other Addresses to Women. 2s. 6d. net.. (Mowbray)

CHANNON, OWEN.—That Which We Seek. 1s. 6d. (Milner & Co.)

CRAPSEY, ALGERNON SIDNEY.—The Re-birth of Religion. 5s. net ..... (John Lane)

FITCHETT, W. H., B.A., LL.D.—The Belief of Unbeliefs. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)

Hodder & Stoughton's Literary Competitions

1907-1908

LIST OF AWARDS

THE LADY OF THE DECORATION

1st Prize

TWO GUINEAS (£2 2s.)

Miss ANNIE C. DALTON,
1670, Beach Avenue, English Bay,
Vancouver, B.C.

2nd Prize

ONE GUINEA (£1 1s.)

Mrs. E. MARY DANIELL,
55, Nassau Road, Barnes, S.W.

3rd Prize

HALF A GUINEA (10s. 6d.)

Miss FLORENCE M. SMITH,
Emsworth House, St. Mawes, Cornwall.

BOOK AWARDS

Mrs. PARKER,
6, Campden Hill Terrace, W.

Miss MAUD BEACH,
Rosslyn, Holwood Road, Bromley, Kent.

Mrs. J. BUTLER,
92a, White Ladies Road, Clifton, Bristol.

Miss E. WARD,
80, King Street, Southsea.

Miss KATHLEEN M. BROOKS,
Box 301, Amherst, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Mrs. WINIFRED CROOKE,
Brookdale, Raby Drive, Bromborough,
Cheshire.

Miss G. BRADFORD,
Ashfield, Martock, Somerset.

Miss MAUD M. LYNE,
24, Cambray, Cheltenham.

Mr. H. B. GREENWOOD,
Bankfield, Kendal.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

WANTED.

SERIAL STORIES.
(About 65,000 words preferred.)

SHORT STORIES.
(3,500 to 4,500 words.)

STORYETTES,
Character Sketches,
Humorous Sketches, etc.
(Up to 2,000 words each.)

SHORT TOPICAL ARTICLES.
(With or without illustrations.)

NOVEL FEATURES & HIGH-CLASS WEEKLY COLUMNS.

THE NORTHERN NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE,
KENDAL, ENGLAND.

"Penkala"
THE EVER POINTED AUTOMATIC
PENCIL
Graphite, Copying & All Colours.
NO SHARPENING REQUIRED. POINT DOES NOT BREAK
THE ACT OF PRESSURE RENEWS THE
POINT WHILST WRITING.
Price 1/-
6 LEADS IN EACH PENCIL
SOLD AT ALL HIGH CLASS STATIONERS STORES ETC.
PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION
THE "KARA" STATIONERY Co
2. GRESHAM Bldgs., LONDON, EC

HOWARD, HENRY.—The Shepherd Psalm. 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net .....(Robert Culley)
SALTERS, EDGAR.—The Lords of the Ghostland. 3s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie)
SHARPE, A. B., M.A., and F. AVELING, D.D.—The Spectrum of Truth. 1s. net .....(Sands)
Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, The. Translated from the Editor's Greek Text, and Edited, with Notes, etc., by R. H. Charles, D.Litt., D.D. 15s. net ..(A. & C. Black)
VERNON, AMBROSE WHITE.—The Religious Value of the Old Testament. 2s. net .....(G. T. Brown)

NEW EDITIONS.

BATES, E. KATHARINE.—Seen and Unseen. 1s. net (Greening)
Bible, Cambridge, for Schools and Colleges. The Two Books of the Kings. 3s. 6d. net ....(Cambridge University Press)

FICTION.

AGNEW, GEORGETTE.—The Night that Brings out Stars. 6s. (Heinemann)
ANON.—The Future Prime Minister. 2s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
ASKEW, ALICE and CLAUDE.—Not Proven. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
BENTLEY, ARTHUR.—Twin Brothers. 6s.....(H. J. Drane)
BOYD, MARY STUART.—Her Besetting Virtue. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
BROWN, HELEN DAWES.—Mr. Tuckerman's Nieces. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Constable)
BUCKROSE, J. E.—The Wolf. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
CASTLE, AGNES and EGERTON.—Flower o' the Orange. 6s. (Methuen)
CHESNEY, WEATHERBY.—The Romance of a Queen. 6s. (Chatto)
CHESTERTON, G. K.—The Man who was Thursday. 6s. (Arrowsmith)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—An Old Man's Darling. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
COBB, THOMAS.—The Chichester Intrigue. 6s. ..(John Lane)
COLE, SOPHIE.—Rachel Chalfont. 6s. .....(Duckworth)
COLERIDGE, CHRISTABEL.—Miss Lucy. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
COOPER, E. H.—The Marquis and Pamela. 6s. .....(Chatto)
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—The Primadonna. 6s. (Macmillan)
DANBY, FRANK.—The Heart of a Child. 6s. ..(Hutchinson)
DAVIDSON, LILLIAS CAMPBELL.—The Lost Millionaire. 6s. .....(Cassell)
DEARMER, MABEL.—The Alien Sisters. 6s...(Smith, Elder)
" DIANA CROSSWAYS."—A Melton Monologue. 3s. 6d. (Alston Rivers)
DIEHL, ALICE M.—An Actor's Love Story. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
DIXON, E. MARY.—The Soldiers of the Queen, and Other Stories. 3s. 6d. .....(Elliot Stock)
DONOVAN, DICK.—A Gilded Serpent. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)
DORRINGTON, ALBERT.—And the Day Came. 6s. (Hutchinson)
FOX-DAVIES, A. C.—The Finances of Sir John Kynnersley. 6s. .....(John Lane)
GERARD, MORICE.—John Montcalm. 6s .....(John Long)
GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—The Gentle Thespians. 6s. (John Milne)
GLASGOW, ELLEN.—The Ancient Law. 6s.....(Constable)
GODFREY, MRS. TOM.—A Modern Hagar. 6s...(John Long)
HARDY, IZA DUFFUS.—Love in Idleness. 6s...(Digby, Long)
HAYMOND, PAUL.—Fate's Ordination, or " The High Street Duchess." 2s. .....(A. H. Stockwell)
HUME, FERGUS.—The Sealed Message. 6s ..(Digby, Long)
HUNT, VIOLET.—White Rose of Weary Leaf. 6s. (Heinemann)
J. J. B.—Joseph Redhorn. 5s.....(Hodder & Stoughton)
" KHUSH-AMED."—Memoirs of a Lady Dentist. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Pauper of Park Lane. 6s. (Cassell)
McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY.—The Duke's Motto. 6s. (Methuen)
MACNAMARA, RACHEL SWETE.—The Trance. 6s. (Blackwood)
McNULTY, EDWARD.—Mrs. Mulligan's Millions. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.—Many Junes. 6s. ....(Methuen)
MASON, A. E. W.—Ensign Knightley. 7d...(Collins, Glasgow)
MEADE, L. T.—Sarah's Mother. 6s.....(Hodder & Stoughton)
MOORE, FRANKFORT.—An Amateur Adventuress. 6s. (Hutchinson)
MOORE, MARY.—Mirth in Heaven. 6s. ....(H. J. Drane)
NEWTON, ERNEST.—An Oversea Web. 6s. ....(John Long)
ORCZY, BARONESS.—Beau Brocade. 6s. .....(Greening)
PEILE, PENTLAND.—Clanbrae: A Golfing Idyll. 6s. (Blackwood)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Wheels of Anarchy. 6s. .....(Cassell)
PITFIELD, ADA.—Princess of the Sandhills. 3s. 6d. (Gay & Bird)
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—St. David of the Dust. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
RHODES, KATHLYN.—Sweet Life. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
RHOSCOMYL, OWEN.—Isle Raven. 6s. .....(Duckworth)
RICHARDSON, FRANK.—The Worst Man in the World. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
RIVES, HALLIE ERMINIE.—The Castaway. 6s. (Collier & Co.)
ROBINS, ELIZABETH.—Come and Find Me. 6s. (Heinemann)
SCOTT, JOHN REED.—Beatrix of Clare. 6s. (E. Grant Richards)
SYKES, J. A. C.—Mark Alston. 6s. .....(Eveleigh Nash)
TEMPANY, GREVILLE H.—A Comedy of Moods. 6s. (Constable)
THURSTON, KATHERINE CECIL.—The Fly on the Wheel. 6s. .....(Blackwood)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Half-Smart Set. 6s. (John Milne)
WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—The Dancing Leaves. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
WELLS, H. G.—New Worlds for Old. 6s. .....(Constable)
WHITELOCK, WILLIAM WALLACE.—When Kings go Forth to Battle. 6s. .....(E. Grant Richards)
WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A. M.—Love and the Spy. 7d. (John Leng, Dundee)

NEW EDITIONS.

AINSWORTH, W. HARRISON.—The Tower of London. 8d. net. .....(Cassell)
AINSWORTH, W. HARRISON.—Windsor Castle. Illustrated (Collins, Glasgow)
AUSTEN, JANE.—Pride and Prejudice. 8d. net ....(Cassell)
AUSTEN, JANE.—Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility. 2 vols. 7d. net each .....(Nelson)
BRONTË, CHARLOTTE.—Villette. 7d. net .....(Nelson)
CAINE, HALL.—The Deemster. .....(Collins, Glasgow)
COOPER, J. FENIMORE.—The Last of the Mohicans. 8d. net .....(Cassell)
ELIOT, GEORGE.—Silas Marner. 8d. net .....(Cassell)
HYNE, C. J. CUTCLIFFE.—Mr. Horrocks, Purser. 7d. (John Leng, Dundee)
LYTTON, LORD.—The Last Days of Pompeii. 8d. net (Cassell)
MERRICK, LEONARD.—The Actor-Manager. 6d. (T. Sealey Clark)
SAND, GEORGE.—La Mare au Diable. Illustrated. 5s. net (Bell)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Quentin Durward. 7d. net (Nelson)
SWAN, ANNIE S.—Carlowrie. 7d. ....(John Leng, Dundee)
SWIFT, DEAN.—Gulliver's Travels. 7d. net .....(Nelson)
THACKERAY, W. M.—Henry Esmond, Esq. 8d. net (Cassell)
THORNE, GUY.—A Lost Cause. 6d. .....(John Long)
TWAIN, MARK.—The $30,000 Bequest, etc. Christian Science. 2 vols. Author's Edition .....(Chatto)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND DRAMA.

BROWNING, ADA T.—At the Eleventh Hour. 6s. (Elliot Stock)
CHANTICLEER.—Prairie Chickens. 9d. net (A. H. Stockwell)
COLUM, PADRAIC.—Wild Earth. 1s. ..(Maunsel, Dublin)
COUSINS, JAMES H.—The Awakening, and Other Sonnets. 6d. and 1s. .....(Maunsel, Dublin)
DOUGHTY, CHARLES M.—Adam Cast Forth. 4s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
FOGERTY, ELSIE.—The Queen's Jest and Two Other Plays. (For Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools.) 6d. net (Sonnenschein)
FRAZER, EPPIE.—The Clodhopper. A Development in Verse. Book IV. .....(John Bale & Danielsson)
GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON.—The Web of Life. 10s. 6d. net (The Samurai Press, Cranleigh)
GLASGOW BALLAD CLUB.—Ballads and Poems. Third Series. 7s. 6d. .....(Blackwood)
HARDY, THOMAS.—The Dynasts. 4s. 6d. net ..(Macmillan)
MacCATHMHAOIL, SEOSAMH.—The Gilly of Christ. 1s. (Maunsel, Dublin)
MARSH, FREDERICK.—The Rival Bards, and Other Poems. 6d. net .....(A. H. Stockwell)
MASON, CHARLOTTE M.—The Saviour of the World. Vol. I. The Holy Infancy. 3s. 6d. net .....(Kegan Paul)
MONTGOMERY, ALBERTA VICTORIA.—The Rose and the Fire. 7s. 6d. net .....(Samurai Press)
O'SULLIVAN, SEUMAS.—Verses. 1s. net .....(Maunsel)
OSMASTON, F. P. B.—Poems and Lyrics. 5s. net (Kegan Paul)
Poets of the Nineteenth Century, The Sacred: Edward Hayes Plumptre to Selwyn Image. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 1s. 6d. net .....(Routledge)
RALLI, AUGUSTUS.—The Morning of Life. 5s. net (Routledge)
RICE, CALE YOUNG.—A Night in Avignon. 2s. 6d. net (Hodder & Stoughton)
VAUGHAN, C. E.—Types of Tragic Drama. 5s. net (Macmillan)
WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER.—Three Women. 1s. net (Gay & Bird)

NEW EDITIONS.

BARHAM, REV. R. H.—The Ingoldsby Legends. Illustrated. (Collins, Glasgow)
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT.—Poetical Works. Illustrated. .....(Collins, Glasgow)

Cassell and Company

Byways of Collecting
By ETHEL DEANE, Editress of the *Queen*. This book deals with the various forms of art collecting. It provides help for the unwary against forgers, and information is given as to the history of the various potteries. Special chapters are given to Prints, Silver, Sheffield-plate, Glass, China, etc. With 73 Illustrations of some of the choicest specimens of private collectors. 7s. 6d. net.

The Philosophy of Making Love
By HAROLD GORST. In this remarkable book the author expounds a philosophy which will appeal to many and interest all by its novelty. "Mr Gorst," says Mr. Hubert Bland in the *Daily Chronicle*, "had a delicate task to perform, and he has performed it with delicacy. He has spoken quite plainly enough, but not too plainly." 5s. net.

Wee Tim'rous Beasties
By DOUGLAS ENGLISH. This is a really charming "nature" book, distinctive alike for its clear and accurate information, and for its delightfully humorous and breezy style. There are 150 beautiful Illustrations from photographs. 5s. net.

Gardening for Women
By the Hon. FRANCES WOLSELEY. A Practical Guide to the profession of Horticulture as a means of occupation for women. The Illustrations comprise many of beautiful English gardens of lady amateur gardeners. There are also pictures of students at work in college gardens. With 32 Plates. 5s. net.

The Townsman's Farm
By "HOME COUNTIES," who deals in a practical way with the cultivation of land for pleasure and profit, and gives information regarding agricultural colleges, market gardening, poultry farming, etc. 6s. net.

Cassell's A B C of Gardening
An Illustrated Encyclopædia of Practical Horticulture. By WALTER P. WRIGHT. With the increase in popularity of gardening a need has arisen among amateurs for a reliable yet cheap guide. This book meets the need admirably, and every amateur and professional gardener should have it. 3s. 6d. net.

Please write for Spring List

Cassell & Co., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, London

What shall I read?

THE IRONY OF MARRIAGE

in which Mr. BASIL TOZER discourses in a sprightly way on stupid wives, exasperating husbands, the 'displayed' wedding, giggling wives, picture postcard wives, the British 'Actress-tocracy,' etc. On sale all over the country at **1/-** net, by post 1/2. See the full-page review in the *Tatler*, etc., etc.

MORAG THE SEAL. **6/-**
A Fascinating West Highland Romance. By J. W. BRODIE INNES.
"This clever and interesting romance . . . should be read with a hearty interest by any one who can enjoy seeing the older elements of romantic wizardry ingeniously refreshed by modern devices of invention."—*Scotsman*.
"A weird, well-handled romance."—*Times*.

A DAUGHTER OF BELIAL. **6/-**
A Sensational Novel. By BASIL TOZER.
"The career of Queenie Gordon . . . and her confederates is dexterously . . . given . . . and it has, in fact, kept us from our work longer than we like."—*Times*.
"A veritable feast to those who enjoy an accumulation of melodramatic thrills."—*Outlook*.

"THE WIFE." A Story of Smart Suburban and Homely Aristocratic Life. By HORACE W. C. NEWTE, Author of "The Master Beast." **6/-**
"Mr. Newte has a most deft and convincing way of writing. . . . The climax is amazingly clever."—*Standard*.
"It leaves an impression, and there is a good deal of clever satire and humour to be found in it."—*Times*.

THE MASTER BEAST A.D. 1888—2020. **3/6** net.
By HORACE W. C. NEWTE.
Lord Rosebery has just said that "Socialism is the end of all—Empire, Faith, Freedom, Property." Mr. Newte in this novel gives a graphic account of life under a Socialistic regime in A.D. 2030.
"Mr. Newte does his work with fierce passion and draws his scenes with hideous realism."—*Bystander*.

MONISM? An Antidote to Prof. Haeckel's book, "The Riddle of the Universe." By S. PH. MARCUS, M.D. Trans. by R. W FELKIN, M.D., etc. Recently issued. 1/- net (by post 1/2).

ENTOMOLOGY: With Special Reference to its Biological and Economic Aspects. By J. W. FOLSOM, D.Sc. (Harvard). Recently issued. Royal 8vo, 485 pp., 300 Illus., and Five Plates. 14/- net.

London: REBMAN, LTD., 129, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

"SWAN"

Fountain Pens

suit everybody.

EVERY POINT
FOR
EVERY HAND
AND
EVERY WORK.

Prices 10/6 upwards.

The Pen which has gained its reputation by honest merit.

Simple, sure, and always ready.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

May we send our Catalogue?

MABIE, TODD & CO.

London:
79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.;
93, Cheapside, E.C.;
95a, Regent Street, W.
Manchester: 3, Exchange St.
Brentano's, 37, Ave de l'Opera, Paris; and at Brussels, New York, and Chicago.

"Readers have learned to look for sound, substantial work from **MARY STUART BOYD,** and they will find," says the *Glasgow Herald*, "that in her latest contribution to fiction, entitled **'HER BESETTING VIRTUE'** (6/-), she is fully equal to all their expectations. There is a romantic heroine of fine calibre, and under Mrs. Boyd's skilful guidance she gives a thoroughly stimulating taste of her quality. With a firm and determinate plan the story moves steadily to its picturesque culmination, which is all the more satisfactory that it is not too easily reached."

HODDER & STOUGHTON, LONDON, E.C.